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April
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MAD

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THE NUMBER ONE ECCH MAGAZINE

THE CALL OF THE MILD

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

NUMBER 166 APRIL 1974

MAD

"Man does not live by bread alone! Once in a while, he needs buttering up!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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Printed in U.S.A.

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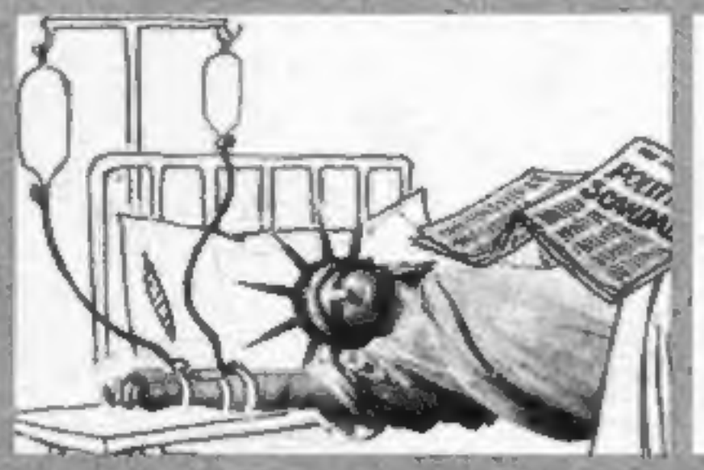

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NOT ONE RECALLED!

Yep, we polled thousands of readers about these ads offering full color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing or wrapping fish —and not one even recalled them! So while you remember, send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 and $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York N.Y. 10022, and—oops! Forgot again, eh?

LETTERS DEPT.

YECCH

I thought your story about YECCH was not yecchy at all. It was just another story about the average hometown monster in typical Pollutedberg, U.S.A.

Gary Congdon
Houston, Texas

I was reading your unbelievable monster story in the bathroom when something reached up and snatched the magazine out of my hands, and disappeared with it. Boy, was I bowled over!

Don Schuerholz
Ellicott City, Md.

It was up to YECCHpectations!

Thomas Atkins
Hollins College, Va.

Martin and Silverstone dealt us a royal flush!

Judy Hetling
Beacon, N.Y.

YECCH is the Godzilla of the john!

Joe Chapman
Columbus, Ohio

What's next? "Son of YECCH". . . ?

Steven Griffith
Fredonia, N.Y.

Take a bow, Don Martin, YECCH, and Lou Silverstone!

Tom Glasser
Westfield, N.J.

No sooner said than done!—Ed.

CAPER GOON

Hats off to Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker for "Caper Goon". I've bought every issue of MAD, regular and Special, since you started publishing, and after scanning through some of my favorite satires, I pick "Caper Goon" as a runaway best ever printed, in MAD, or any other humor magazine. You can bet your sphenomandibular ligament that I will never miss an issue.

Nicholis A. Sanson, M.D.
North Manchester, Ind.

Mort Drucker and Larry Siegel really eclipsed Paper Moon.

Mark R. Durban
Monterey Park, Calif.

The lines were hilarious, especially the introduction by Ryan O'Neal.

Darin Stavish
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

In your episode of "Caper Goon", Larry Siegel made a very nasty implication about "Beverly Hills kids." The generalization that they don't know who their mothers are is very unfair: I know who MY mothers are.

Mary Caldwell
Beverly Hills, Calif.

AN ARCHITECTURAL TRIUMPH

I want to congratulate Al Jaffee on his "An Architectural Triumph". His idea was great and the way he illustrated it was magnificent.

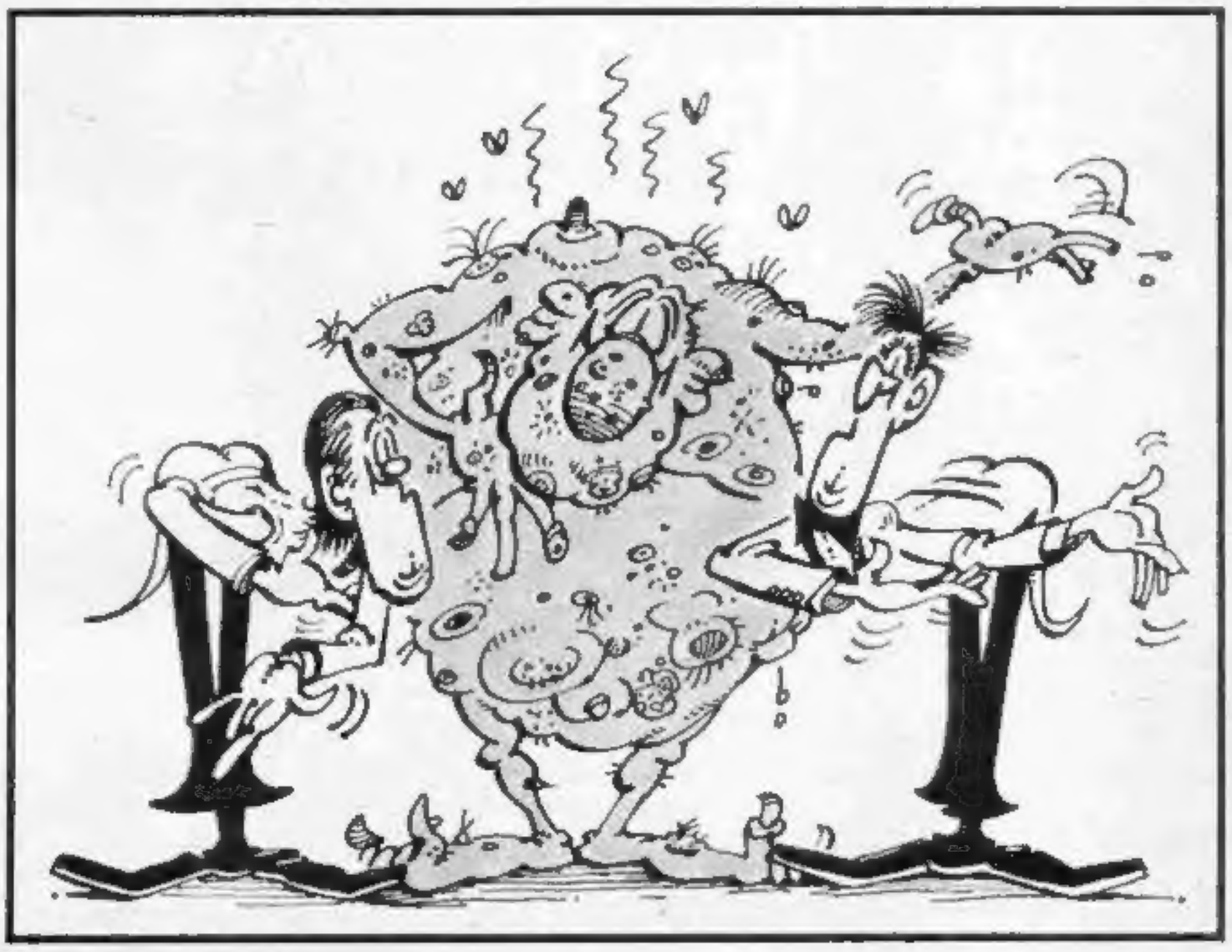
Robert McDonnell
Staten Island, N.Y.

"An Architectural Triumph" was a smashing success!

Wendy Caldwell
Lititz, Pa.

Jaffee's big build-up left me bug-eyed!

Raymond Bell
Hillside, N.J.



KUNG FOOL

"Kung Fool" by De Bartolo and Torres is a masterpiece. The actual show is so idioticly non-violent, and the "violent" parts are put into slow-motion so you don't catch the actor faking it!

Sandy Markham
Bronx, N.Y.

Dick De Bartolo and Angelo Torres were successful in capturing the serenity of "Tame's" unassuming, judicious, and allegorical way of life as a constantly wandering mediator. After reading the satire, I had to admit reluctantly that all of his righteousness can sometimes be very irritating as well as amusing.

Rosemarie Fults
Sacramento, Calif.

I got my kicks out of "Kung Fool"!

Benjy Jefferson
New City, N.Y.

I have often wondered how someone who advocates peaceful resistance could beat up so many people in one show. Well done, Dick De Bartolo.

Jamie Callan
Ridgefield, Conn.

It was like the Bird of Paradise landing on the backs of Angelo Torres and Dick De Bartolo, and then laying an egg.

Kurt Benbenek
Lynwood, Calif.

"Kung Fool", like the reflection of a bird that soars across a quiet lake, will remain in my eye for only a moment, but will linger in my mind for as long as crickets sing to the stars.

Neal Luppescu
Roslyn Estates, N.Y.

KUNGgratulations, Fools! It was probably the best ever written in MAD. Don't be shocked. Just keep up the good work.

Donald Ott
Kelso, Wash.

Your "Kung Fool" is great but wait until David Carradine catches up with Dick and Angelo. CHOP! . . . CHOP! . . . CHOP!

Bill Huston
Mount Holly, N.J.

While watching Kung Fu on the tube, I imagined what you clods at MAD could do with it. You did better than I imagined.

Julius Turk
Washington, D.C.

CHRISTMAS MORNING—1973

The Mini-Poster on the back cover of #164 is great! Maybe Santa will relent and send Mr. Nixon an efficient recording unit and some high-quality foolproof tapes.

Bruce Handler
Bronx, N.Y.

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THERE'S GOLD IN OLDIES DEPT.

What's been just about the biggest thing going in the movies for the past couple of years? Nostalgia, right? The film-makers took us back to the 1920's in "The Boy Friend", to the '30's in "Paper Moon", to the '40's in "Summer of '42", and to the '50's in "The Last Picture Show". So that just about uses up all the important nostalgia decades, and now on to other things, right? Wrong!

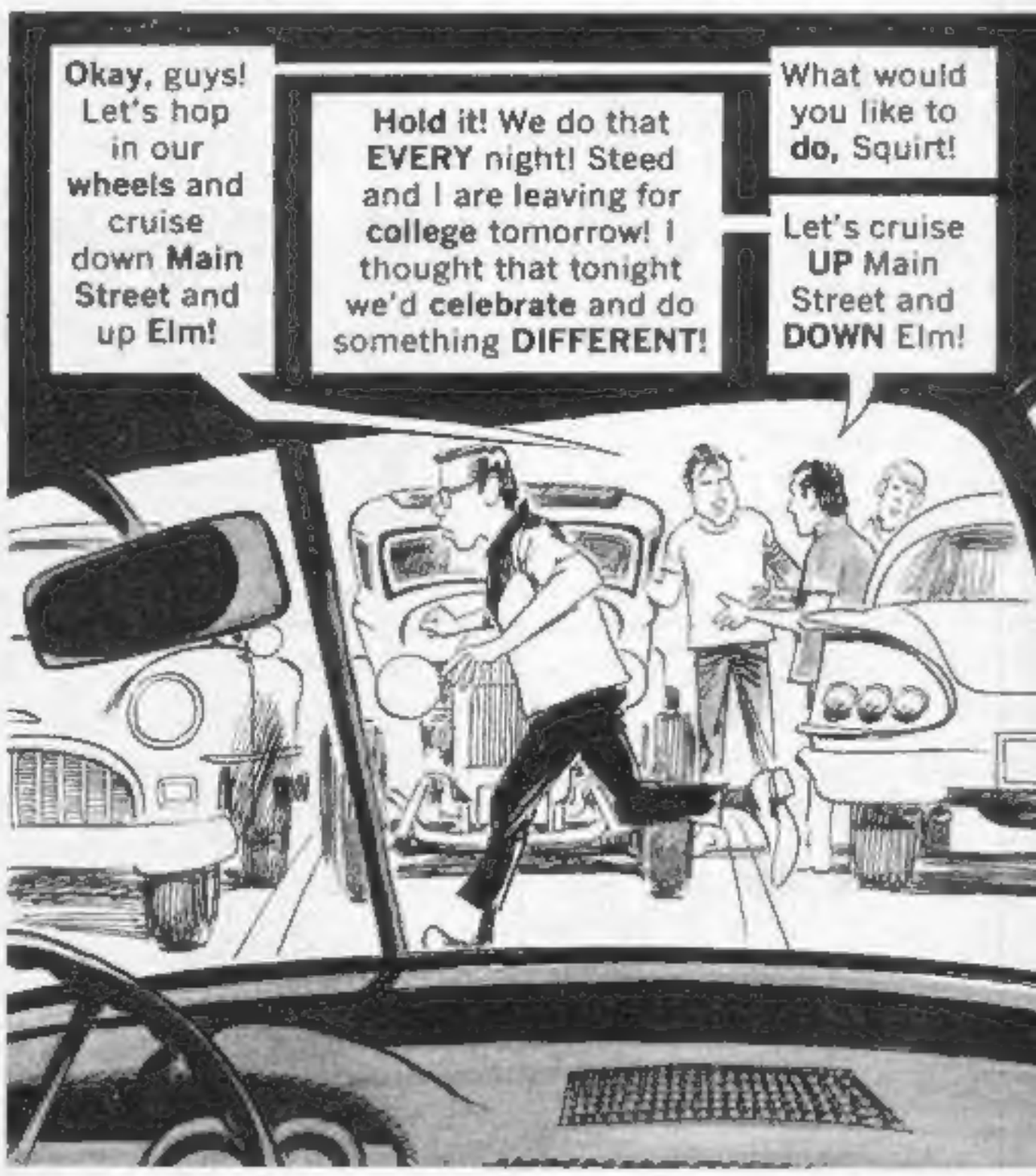
AMERICAN

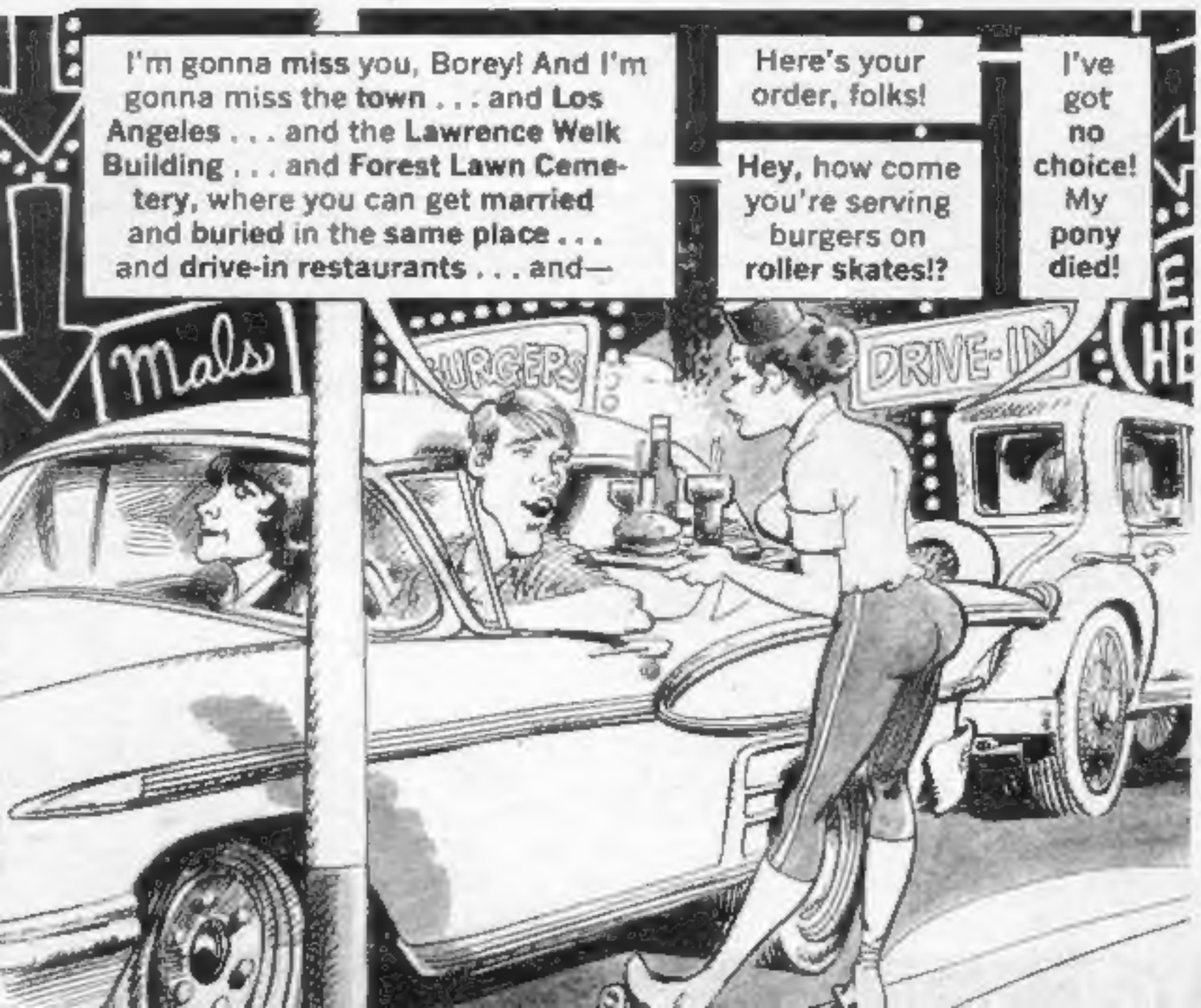
Some producer has just discovered another decade! What else? The 1960's! Okay, all you nostalgic 12-year-olds out there, it's time now to go back to the "Soaring Sixties" and reminisce over your glorious past—just a few minutes ago. So bring out the banners, fall into line, and get ready to march in one more parade down "Memory Lane, U.S.A."...while we here at MAD start tossing

CONFETTI

ARTIST:
MORT DRUCKER

WRITER:
LARRY SIEGEL



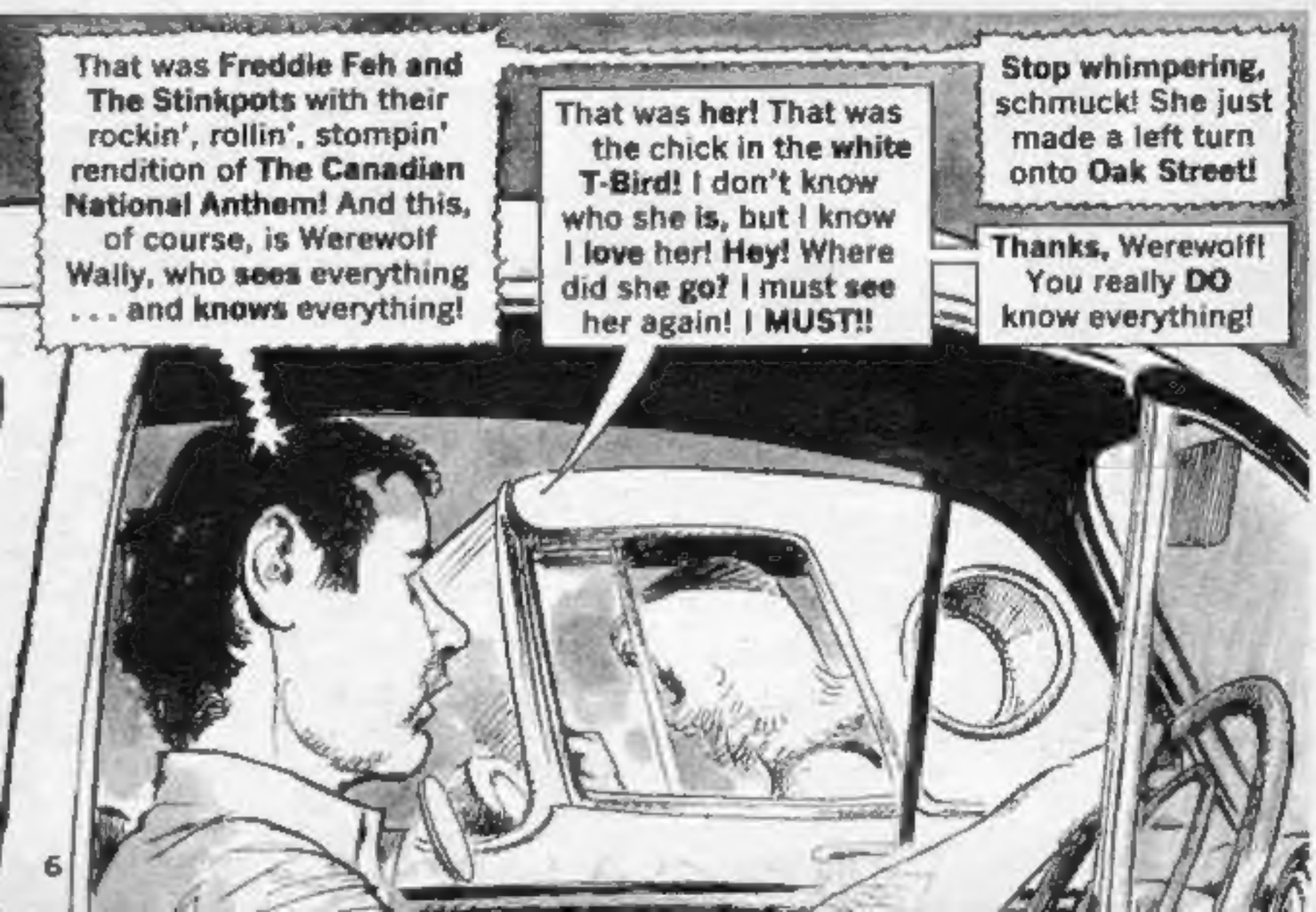


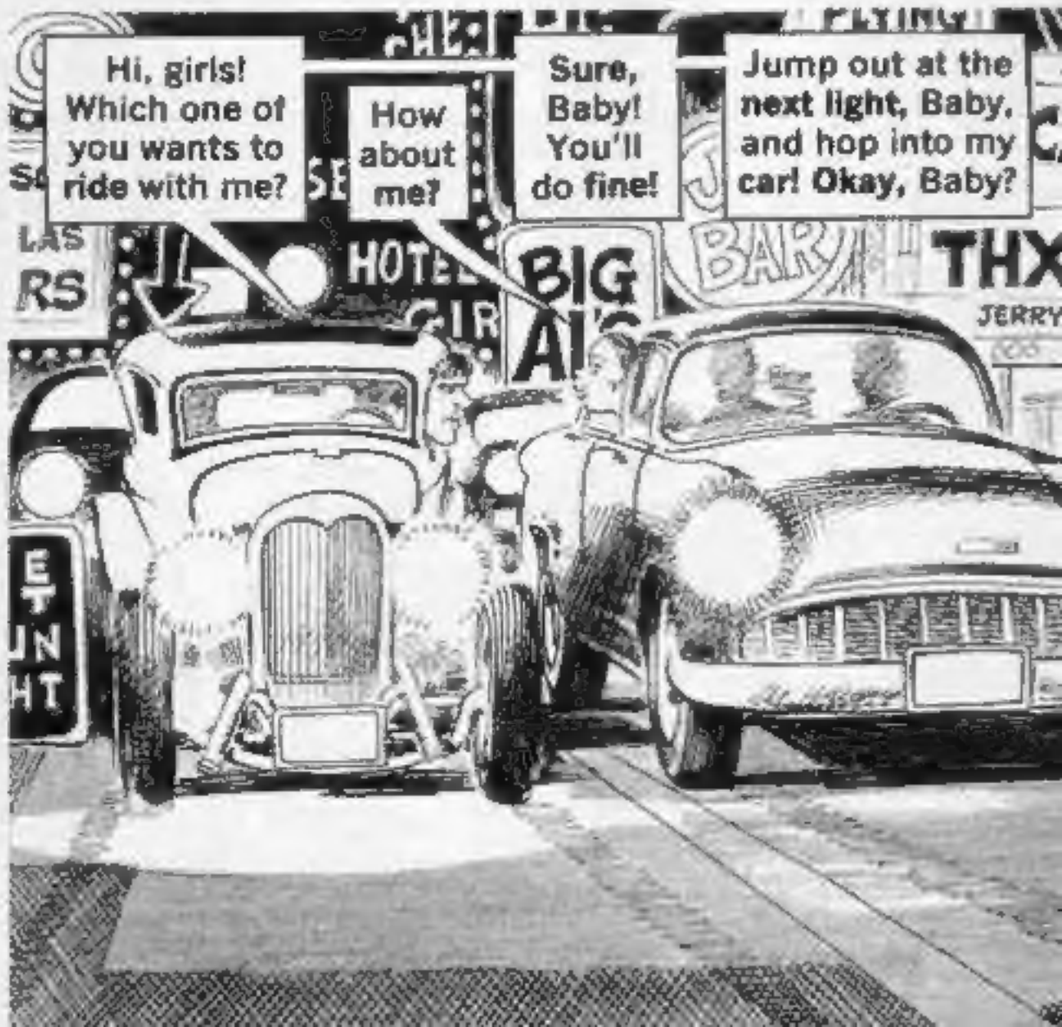
Do you really have to go? Are you sure you can't get into UCLA, Steed?
We've been through this before! Even if I didn't flunk Surfing, I just don't have the average to get into UCLA! I discussed all that with my Grade Advisor!
Ahhh, what does Dean Martin know!

Borey, I'm crazy about you! And when I graduate, we're gonna get married! But, since I'm gonna be gone for four years, I think we should see other people!
Yes, that makes sense! After all, we're so very much in love, nothing can affect our relationship!
Then you really think it's okay to see other people??
Why not?

Hi, baby! You come here often?
Not yet! NOT YET!!
ARK
DRIV

WA WA WA ROCK ROCK ROCK WA WA WA
Hi, Cats! This is your favorite Deejay, Werewolf Wally, on Station K.L.O.P., the cultural voice of Southern California, which keeps you abreast of everything important in this Post-Atomic Age! Hey, Gang! Guess what? Chubby Checker just cut a new single, "Twistin' On Your Teenage Grave"! Well, so much for the world and national news!
Man, I dig that Werewolf Wally!
I knew nothin' about life until HE came along!
ROCK ROCK ROCK WA WA WA ROCK ROCK ROCK WA WA WA
Hi! Where you goin', Yawn?
Where th'hell do you THINK I'm goin'?!? Down Main and up Elm, then down Main and up Elm again!
Me, too! How about that? Man, this is livin', huh!?!
I can't stand it anymore! Always down Main and up Elm! I'm gonna make a right turn on Maple . . . JUST ONCE! What could happen?
You'd fall off the edge of the world and be eaten by dragons!
That's stupid! Columbus said the world is ROUND!
Yeah, but Werewolf Wally says California is FLAT!
That's good enough for me!


That was Freddie Feh and The Stinkpots with their rockin', rollin', stompin' rendition of The Canadian National Anthem! And this, of course, is Werewolf Wally, who sees everything . . . and knows everything!
That was her! That was the chick in the white T-Bird! I don't know who she is, but I know I love her! Hey! Where did she go? I must see her again! I MUST!!
Stop whimpering, schmuck! She just made a left turn onto Oak Street!
Thanks, Werewolf! You really DO know everything!

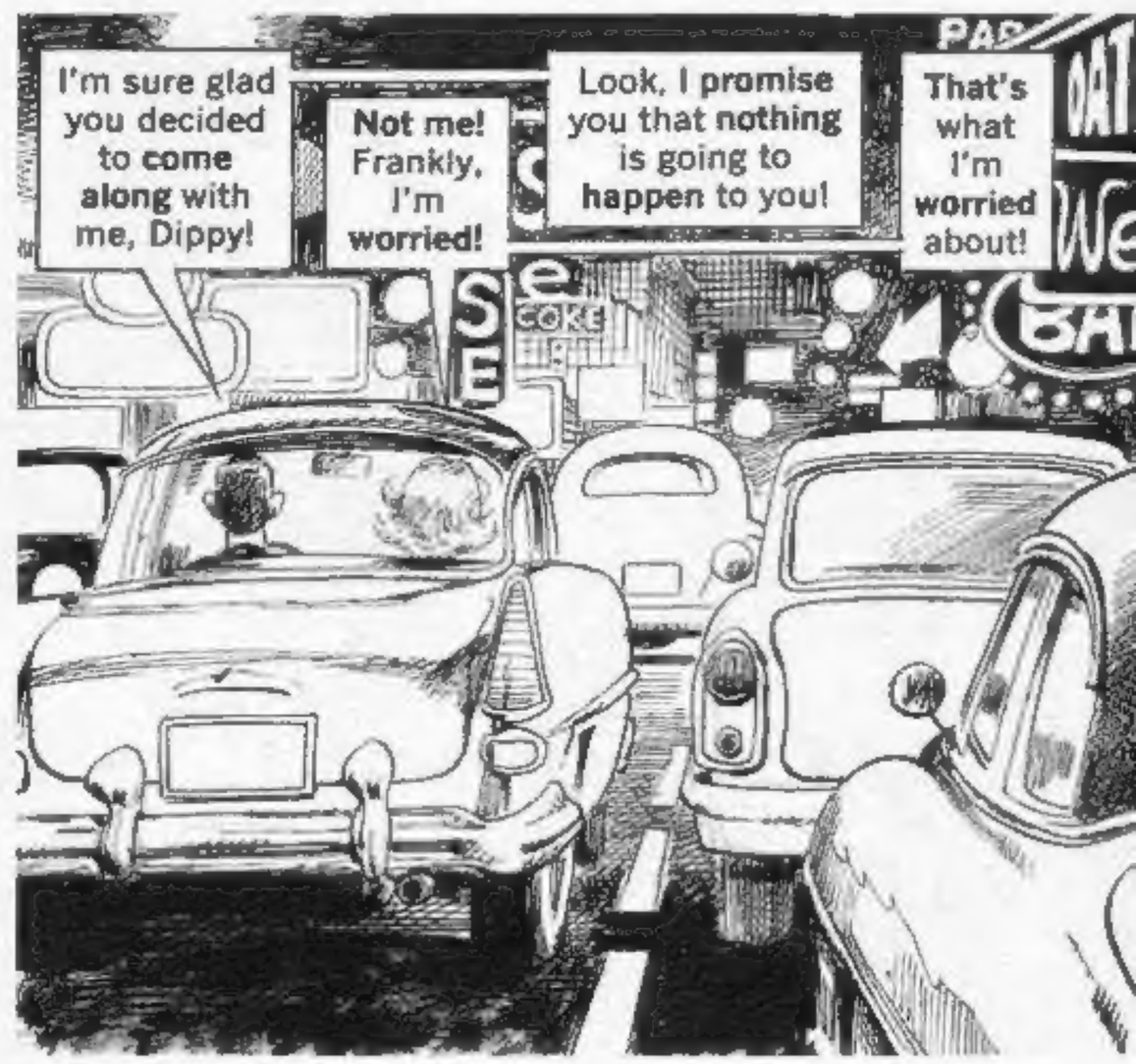

Hi, girls! Which one of you wants to ride with me?
How about me?
Sure, Baby! You'll do fine!
Jump out at the next light, Baby, and hop into my car! Okay, Baby?
HOTEL
BIG
THX

Whaddya say, Baby?
Ga, ga . . . goo, goo . . . da-da!
Cripes!! You really ARE a Baby!!

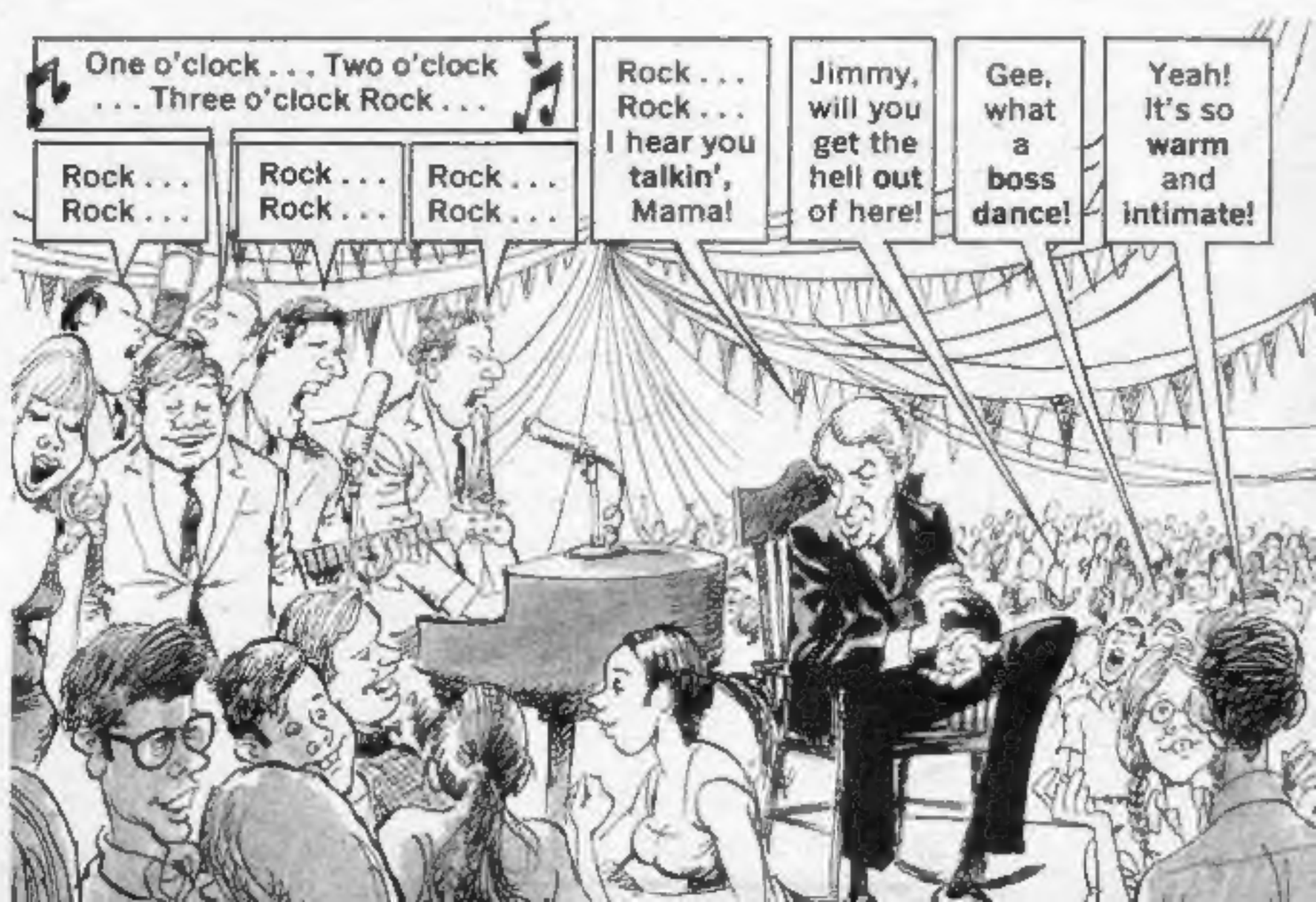
Not really! I was just putting you on! I realize I'm young, in years, but I've been around, and I'm ready to assert myself as a vibrant, sexually mature young woman!
Aw, g'wan home and change your diapers!
Diapers?!? DIAPERS!?! That's how much YOU know! It so happens, Mr. Smart Aleck, that right now I'm in TRAINING PANTS!

CRIPES!! Look at my car seat!!
Oh, darn! And I was doing so well up to now!
KURTZ
HOT DOGS
DINER

Hey! Anyone ever tell you that you look like a blonde Annette Funicello?
Really? You look like Frankie Avalon!
You—you mean it?
Yeah! I think we can make it together!
Neat! Hop in . . .
Okay! But first . . . get rid of that dumb Mouseketeer hat!
WHAT Mouseketeer hat?! Those are my REAL EARS!
Well, so much for THAT relationship!


I'm sure glad you decided to come along with me, Dippy!
Not me! Frankly, I'm worried!
Look, I promise you that nothing is going to happen to you!
That's what I'm worried about!
COKE

Steed, forget about going East! Stay here and let's get married!
Married?! But, how can we afford it? Where can High School kids get money for marriage nowadays?
The same place we get money to pay for all these cars and the gas they burn and the tires they wear out and—
Let's drop the subject and go over to the Gym for the big dance!


One o'clock . . . Two o'clock . . . Three o'clock Rock . . .
Rock . . . Rock . . .
Rock . . . Rock . . .
Rock . . . Rock . . .
Rock . . . Rock . . . I hear you talkin', Mama!
Jimmy, will you get the hell out of here!
Gee, what a boss dance!
Yeah! It's so warm and intimate!

And now, gang . . . here's a song that was Number One on the charts all day Wednesday! Hit it . . .

Wa Wa Wa . . . Rock Rock Rock . . . I got YOU in my teenage heart And ROCKS in my teenage head! Oh, my! Oh, yeah! Rock Rock!

Darling, OUR song!

Let's dance and reminisce . . .

Gee, Steed, remember the day we first met in the School Cafeteria!

How could I ever forget?!

And you carried my books home? And you helped me with my Math homework?

Yeah! How come we never kissed until our fourth date?

I dunno! I guess we were too shy! How come you never asked me?

I dunno! I guess we were too busy making out!

Look at them! Isn't that the most ridiculous thing you've ever seen!

Idiotic!

What's the matter? Didn't you ever see teenagers in LOVE before?

Sure . . . but who ever saw teenagers DANCE like that before?

TOUCHING each other!

HOLDING each other! Yecch!

I danced with my wife for two years and never even MET her until our Wedding Night!

Wow, it's fun cruisin' with you, Yawn! You're such a neat driver! Did you ever have a serious accident?

Yeah, tonight!

Did you get hurt?

I got a severe pain in the neck!

Gee . . . what happened?

By mistake, I opened the car door and let YOU in!

Don't say that! You know how much I idolize you! Tell me, what's your greatest ambition in life?

If you must know, it's Auto Racing! Zooming along at 200 miles an hour . . . screeching around the turns at 150 . . . passing all the other cars, with the roar of the crowd pounding in my ears . . .

On the Indianapolis Speedway?

No . . . right here on Main Street!

Wanna see some cars that tried to race me and lost?

There's a '58 Pontiac that wound up around a tree . . . and a '60 Olds that ended up against a pole . . . and a '57 Chevy that got creamed!

What about that horrible wreck over there?

What wreck? That's a brand new car that just came off the assembly line!

They're getting so sloppy in Detroit these days!

What a wild, crazy night this has been, huh Dippy?

Has it ever! You're some swinger!

Gee, thanks! Would you like to go back now . . . and try the See-Saws?

How much excitement can one girl take?! I'm thirsty! How about some booze?

No sweat! I'll go buy us a bottle!

Well, Swinger? Did you get us the bottle?

I'm afraid not! When I told the guy I wanted to buy some booze, he asked me how old I was! When I told him I was 16, he chewed me out and said I was too young . . . and that I ought to be ashamed of myself . . . and who ever heard of a kid my age drinking booze!

So what happened?

He sold me some POT instead!

It's almost morning, Steed! You'll be leaving! I can't bear it! Stay! Please stay!

You WILL?!? Oh, I can't believe it! My love . . . my angel . . . my darling—

Okay! I won't go! I'll stay here and marry you, Borey!

Let's make out right now!

. . my headache!

Good night, Brat! And good riddance!

Are you crazy? I wouldn't take you out tomor—

Are you crazy? I didn't try to rape you!

Holy Cow!! I'LL say you're learning a lot about life!!

I had a wonderful time tonight, Yawn! And I'm learning a lot about life! Tomorrow . . . we'll have even more fun!

Gee, I'd hate to tell the Police you tried to rape me tonight!

That's why I'd hate to tell them that you DID! Pick me up at seven . . .

Gee, I really had a great time tonight, Terrier! Will you drive me home . . . ?

Drive, hell! Let's fly!

How are we gonna do that?

Easy! Here! Take two more puffs, then flap your arms!

WA WA WA ROCK . . . ROCK . . . ROCK . . . OH, BABY! YEAH . . . YEAH . . . ROCK . . .

That was Crudd and the Doo-Doos, with the theme song from The Apu Trilogy . . .

. . . and this is Werewolf Wally!

The night's almost over, and I still haven't found the chick in the white T-Bird! I don't know what to do! If there was only someone I could turn to . . . someone who could help me . . .

Why, of course! Werewolf Wally! If HE can't help me, then NOBODY can!!

Werewolf Wally! What a thrill! Gee . . . I've been a fan, and idolized you all my life!

What's shakin', Baby?

Werewolf, I got this problem, and I need your advice! Everyone says you've got more native intelligence than all the people in this town put together! Anyway . . . there's this chick—

Hold it! Le'me do this time check!

Well, Cats! I see by the ol' clock on the wall that the little hand is on the four— and the big hand is on the six!

Okay, Man! That's over! Now . . . what were you saying about having a problem . . . ?

Uh . . . forget it!

Well . . . this is it! Bye, everybody! Sorry you're not coming with me, Steed . . .

We'll miss you, Squirt!

By the way, how was your Wedding?

It was beautiful, Squirt! The kind of Wedding a teenager dreams about!

Yeah! Werewolf Wally married us in the Bowling Alley!

I always wanted a religious ceremony!

Looks like everybody's got somebody, except me! Oh, well, that's life! I guess I'll never find the only girl I ever really loved!

Holy Cow! I can't believe it! It's HER!! It's the chick in the white T-Bird! I'd recognize that car ANYWHERE!!

Hey, Squirt! Come back! You'll miss your plane!

The hell with the plane . . . and the hell with college! Everything I want is right HERE!

I've got so many things to do . . .

Buy a ring!

Send out Wedding Invitations!

Have my EYES examined!

Never mind! I thought I loved you!

Let's forget it! I'm sorry! I— You— you had me fooled! Listen, what's with the LONG HAIR??

Did you want something, ol' chap?

I say! Are you daft?!?

You may not believe this, but rather soon, ALL you chaps will be wearing your hair LONG like this! Oh, it will be quite the rage!

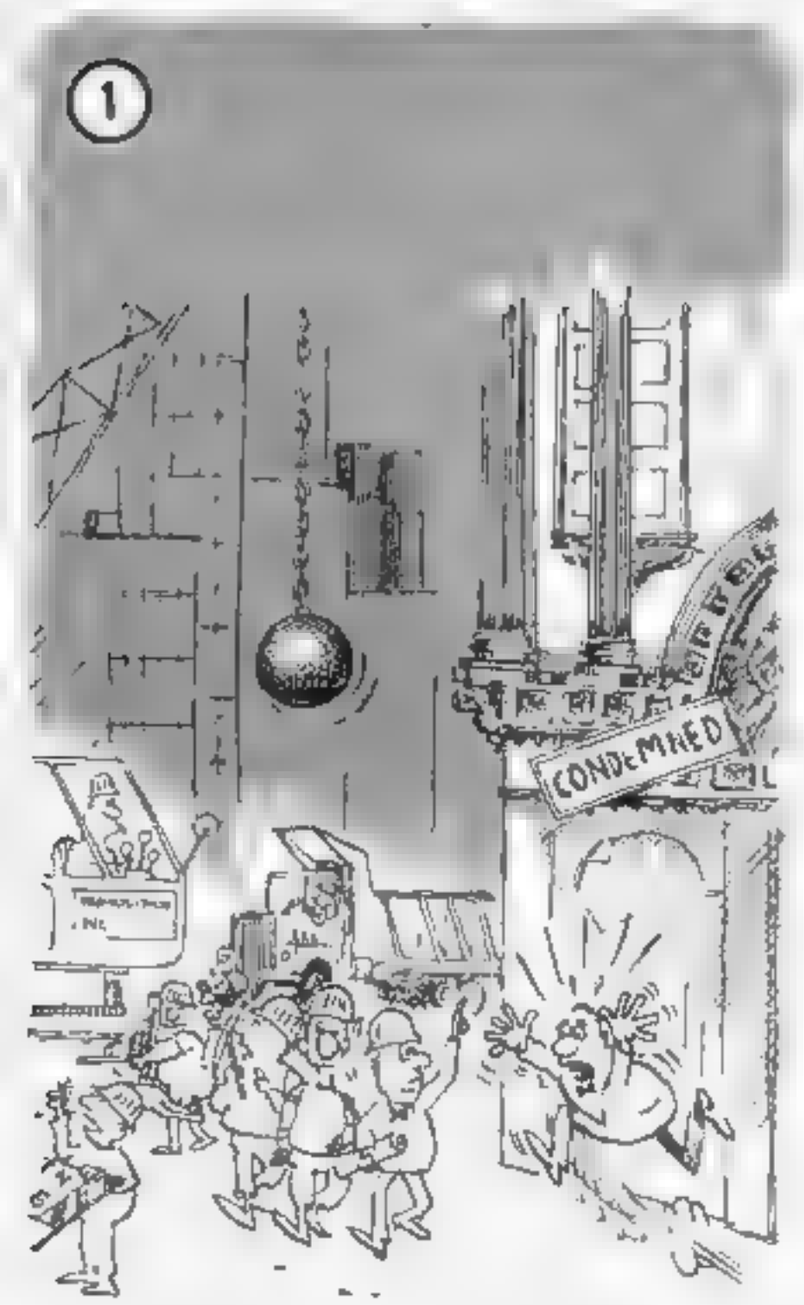
You see, I am the drummer of what is now a rather obscure English Rock Group! But we will have quite an influence on the rest of the '60's!

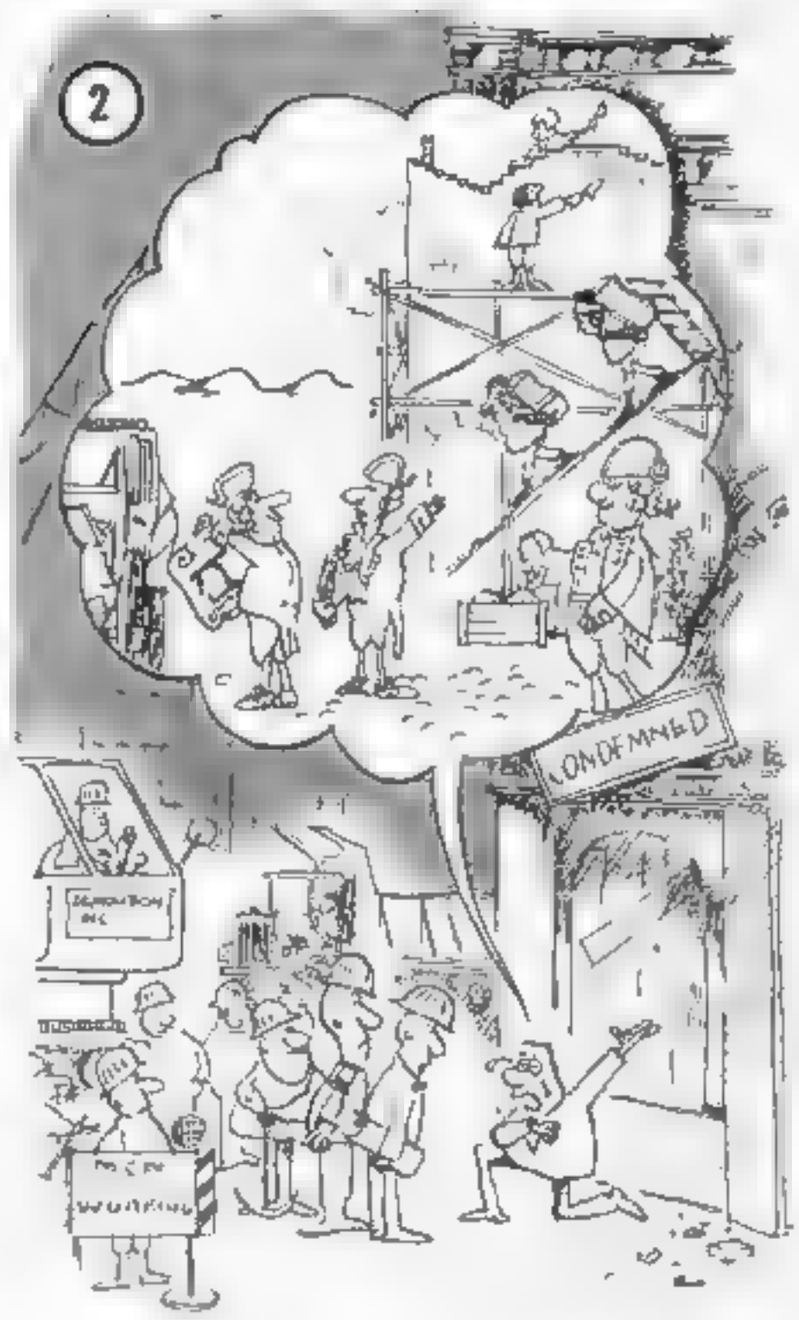
Perhaps you have heard of us already? "THE BEATLES"?!?

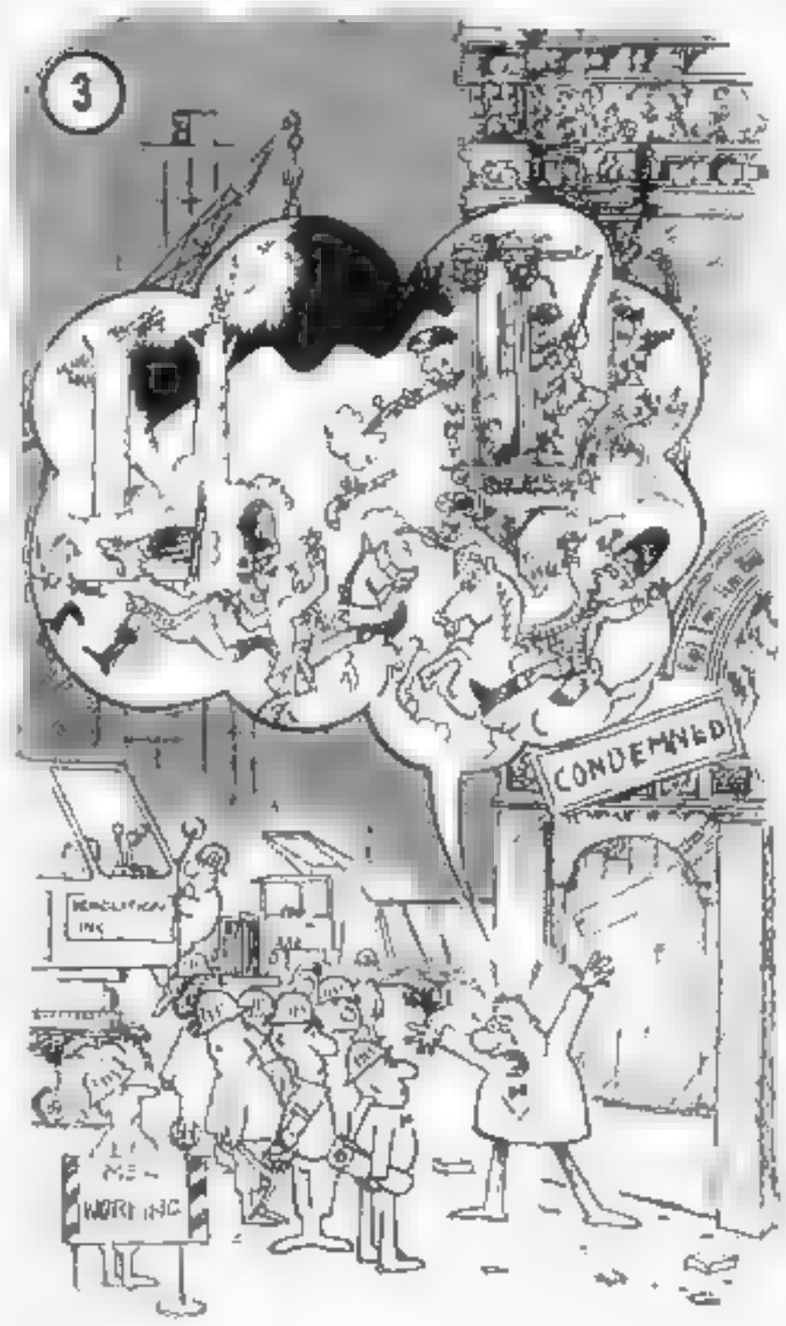
SITE SAVER DEPT.

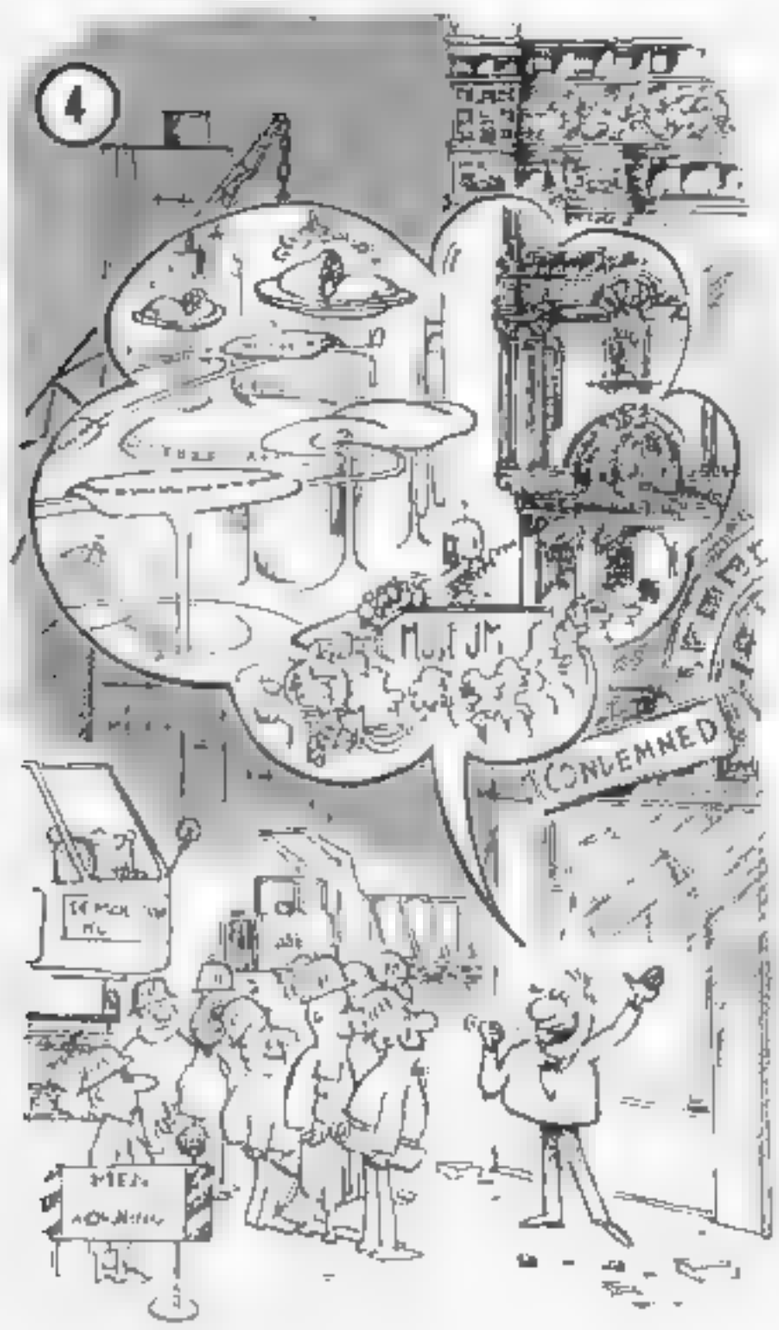
THE HISTORIC LANDMARK

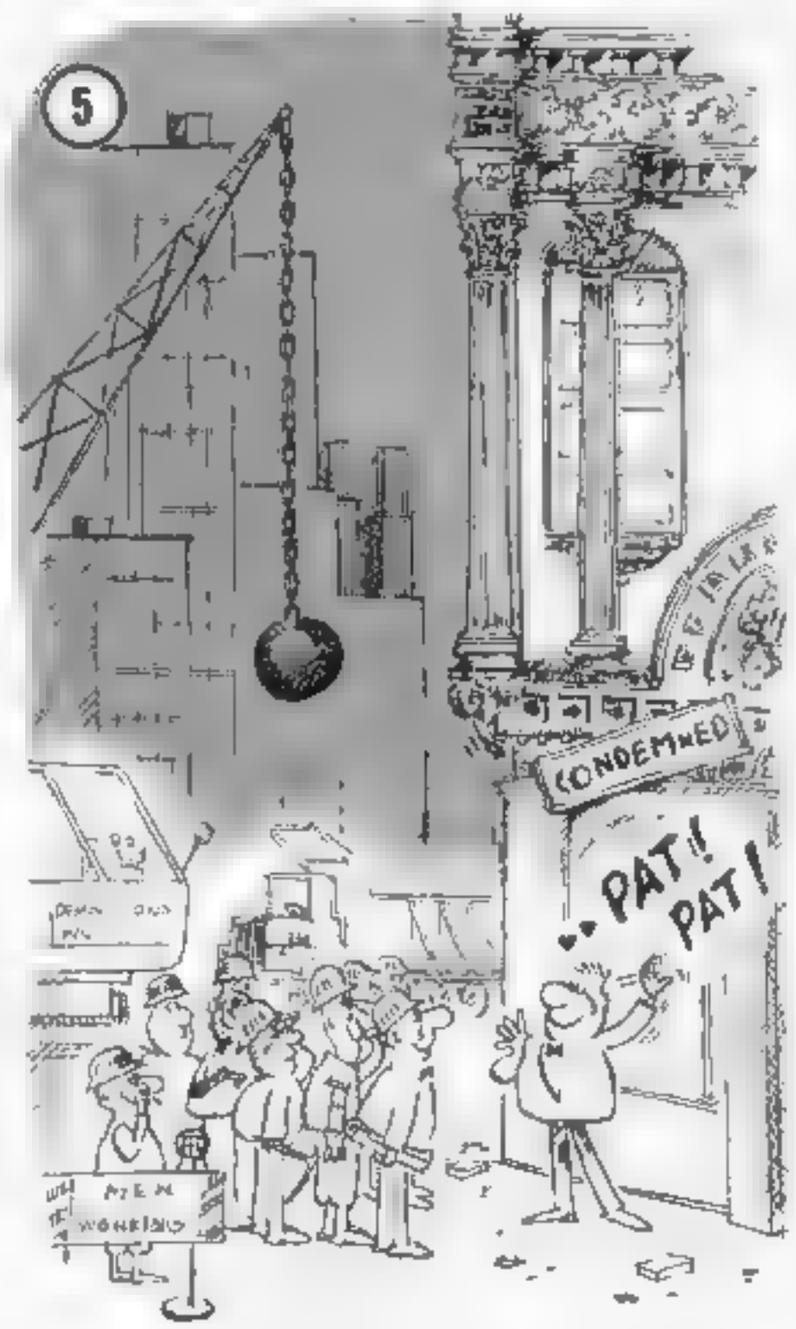
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

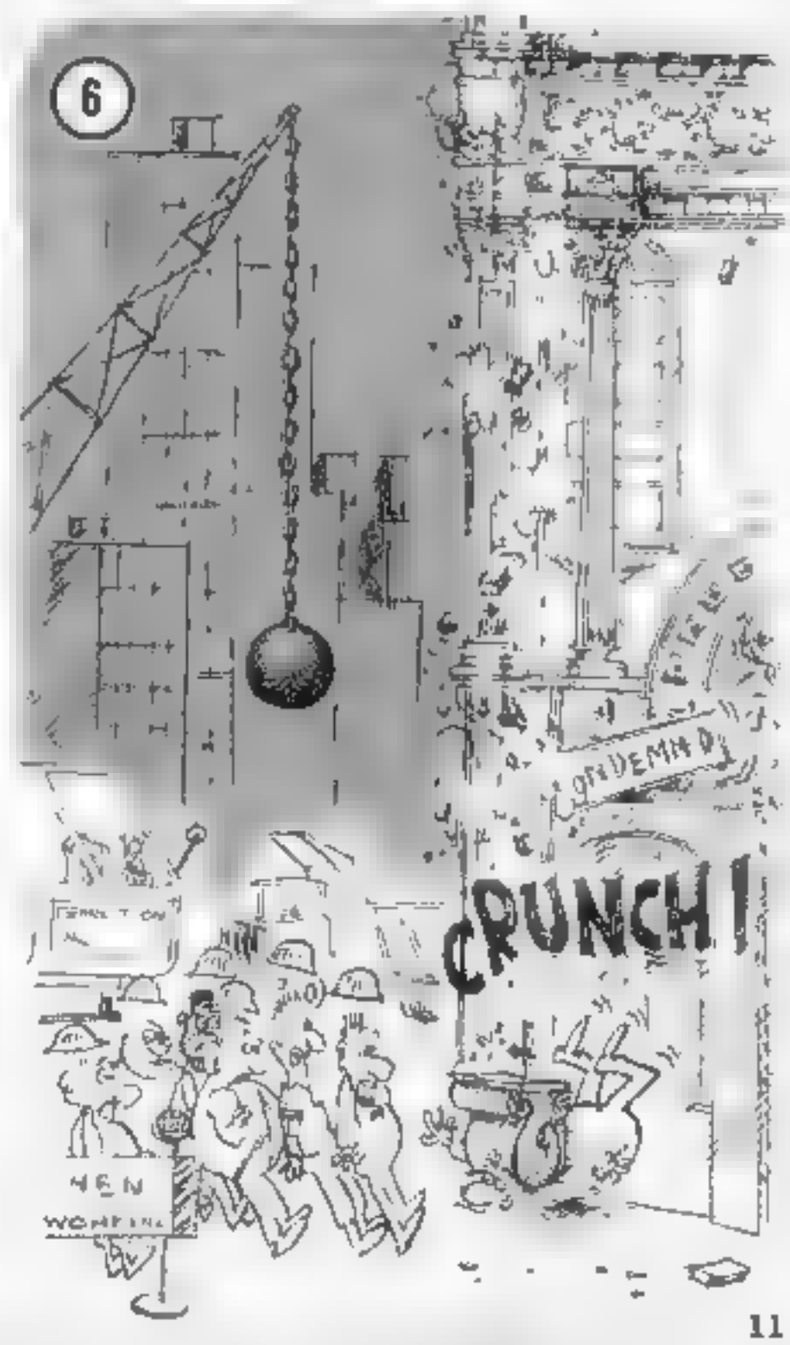






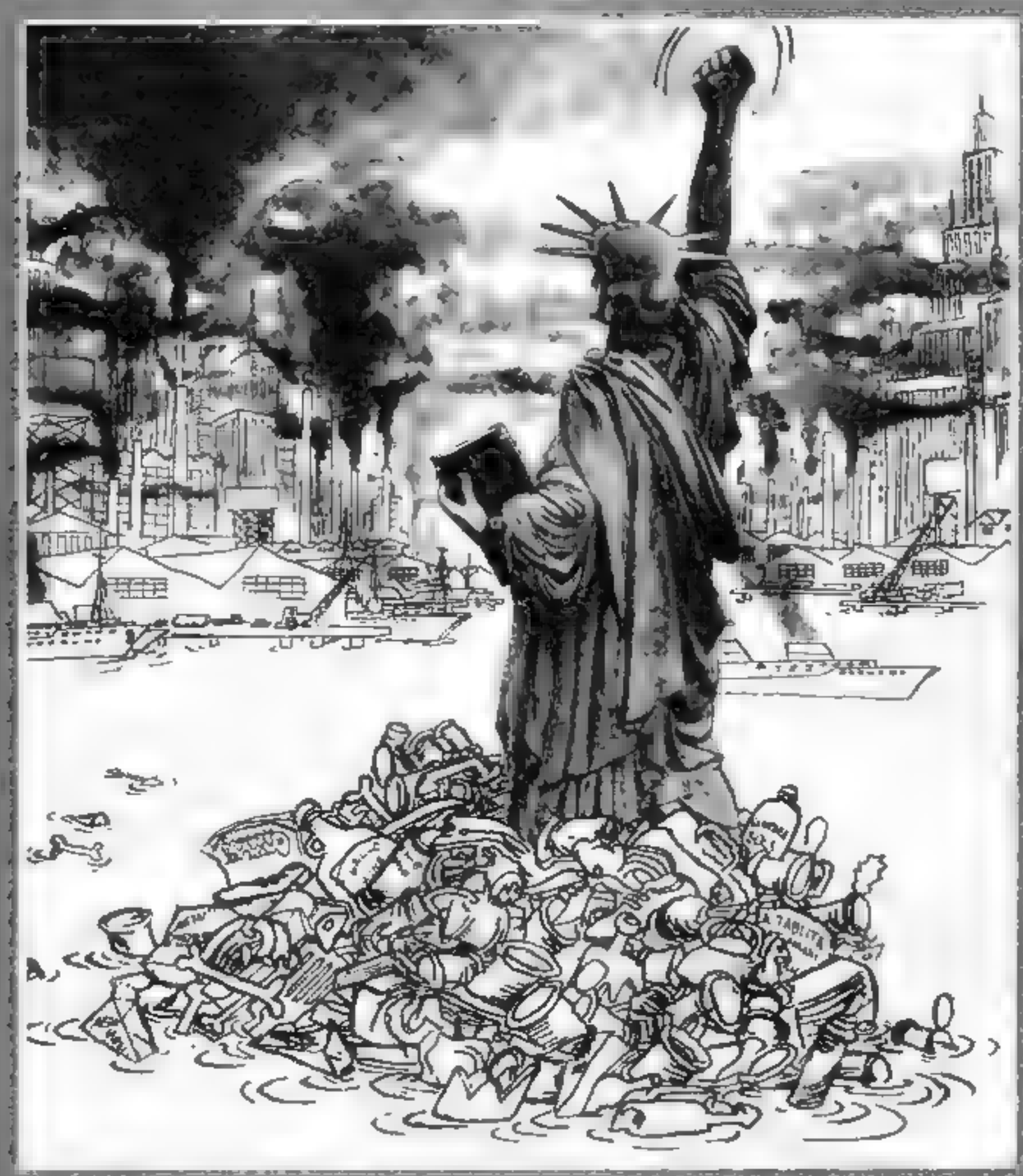






STATUE OF LIBERTY PLAY DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT

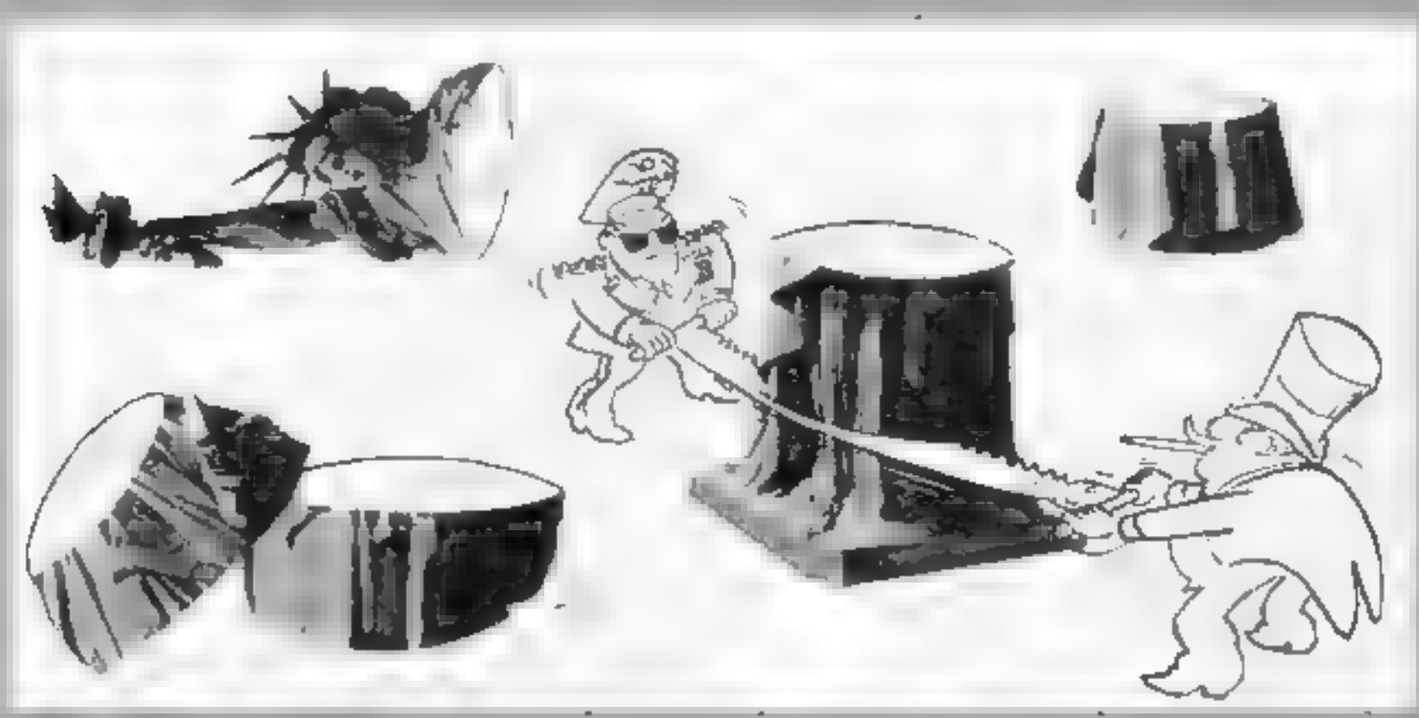


MISS LIBERTY

ARTIST & WRITER:
ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

PHOTOS BY UPI & WIDE WORLD

NO
VACANCY



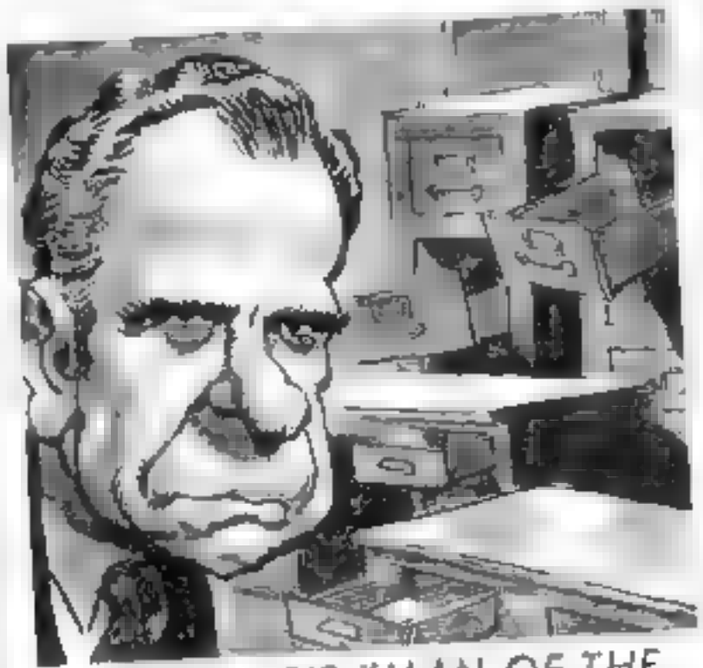
POLITICAL SCANDALS
POVERTY
TAXES
INFLATION
RACE RIOTS
DRUGS

Everyone gambles at one time or another, whether buying a magazine like MAD – knowing the odds are against it being worth the cash – or reading an article like the following, knowing the odds are against it being worth the time! With this thought in mind, it's only a matter of hours before some smart publisher realizes that there's a vast, untapped Gambling Public out there, just waiting for a publication like the one MAD now presents...

Gambler Magazine

THE BETTOR'S BUSINESS BULLETIN

PRICE 50c
(Or you can toss the newsdealer for it—double or nothing!)



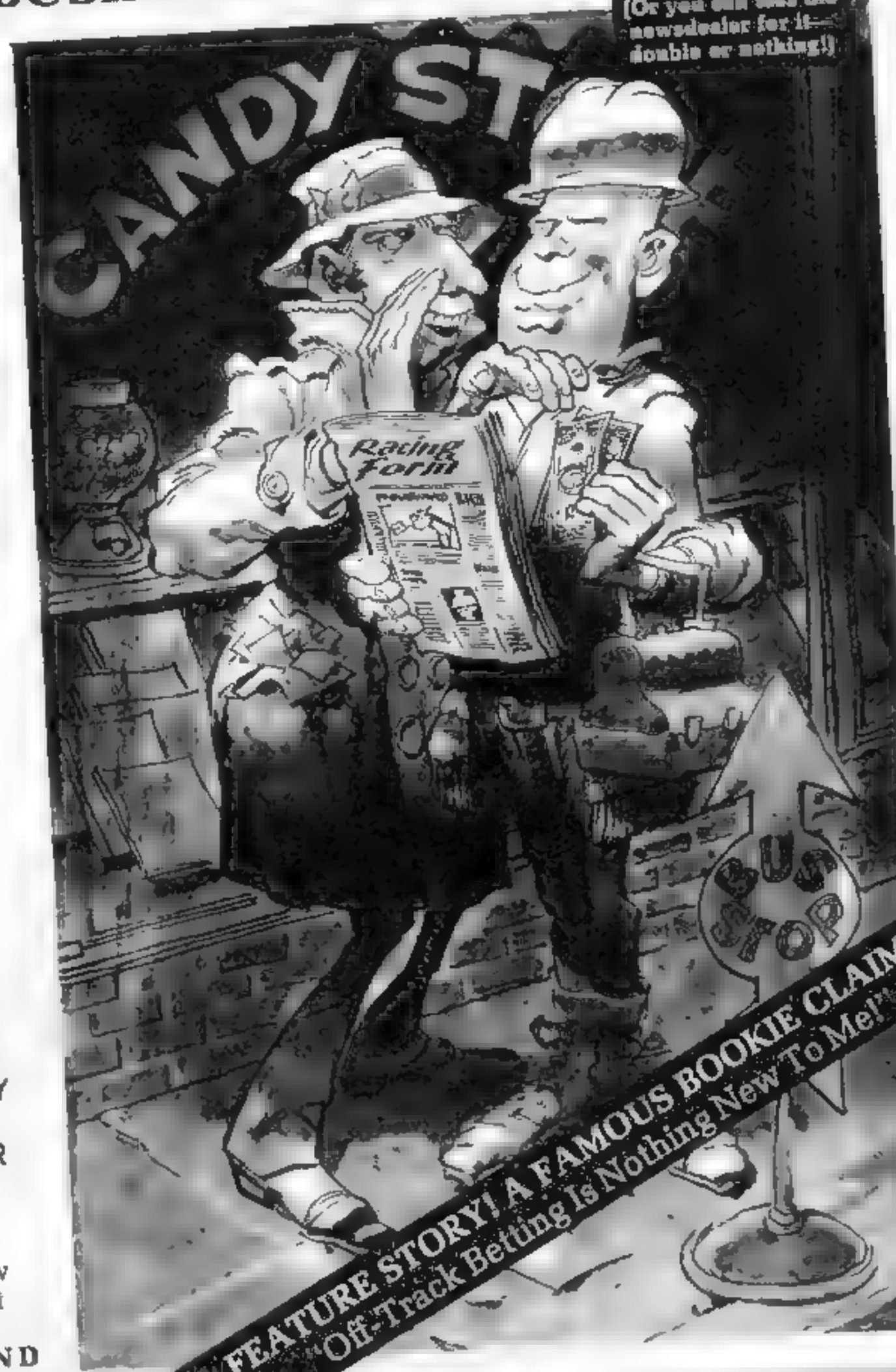
GAMBLER'S "MAN OF THE YEAR" STATES:
"I GAMBLED ON ERLICHMAN AND HALDEMAN—AND LOST!"

A Compulsive Gambler Reveals How His Gambling Gave Him An Extra Five Thousand A Year:
"MY WIFE & KIDS LEFT ME!"

A Famous Priest Delivers An Inspirational Message:
"PUT GOD ON YOUR FREE SPACE!"

Exposé! A Look At Gambling In Legitimate Business Offices:
"FOOTBALL POOLS, CHARITY RAFFLES...AND CHEATING ON YOUR WIFE WITH YOUR PRIVATE SECRETARY"

A Las Vegas Winner Tells How He Ran Up A $9.00 Investment Into Over $250,000.00:
"I BOUGHT A GUN, AND I HELD UP A CASINO!"



FEATURE STORY! A FAMOUS BOOKIE CLAIMS: "Off-Track Betting Is Nothing New To Me!"

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: STAN HART

Gambler
CLASSIFIED ADS

PERSONAL

Lady J please come home. All is forgiven. I've been waiting two weeks at Aqueduct for you to cross the finish line. I won't hit you. Promise. — Danny, your trainer.

To my wife: Just because you ran off with the money, the car, and the TV set before I could lose them all gambling, don't think I've changed my feelings about you. I *still* hate you! — E.M.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Down on your luck? Phone Lucky Guerriero! I have all the answers to your gambling problems and can help you hit it big! Just call 555-0543 (It's a candy store. They'll yell up to me).

If you have a dollar bill that has any one of these numbers on it, you have a winner! The numbers are (write them down): 8, 4, 2, 9, 3, 1, 5, 7, 0, or 6. If you have such a bill in your possession, send it to Breonard Lenner, PO Box #7, Beard, N.J. In return I will send you a mimeographed sheet telling you how to make a lot of money conning suckers.

OUT OF BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Sick of gambling? Join LOSERS ANONYMOUS. We will help you to kick the gambling habit. It's a proven system that has worked for thousands. Our new building opens in July (if our 5 horse parlay comes in). Losers Anonymous, Upthecreek, Mich.

FASHIONS

Remodel your new suit to look out of style. Our custom tailors specialize in making you look broke, or just barely hanging in. Great when you visit your bookie or creditors. Greater when you finally do make a killing and don't want anyone to know it! Jonas Aarons, Suitmakers to the Stars, 3450 Broadway, North Perfecta, Md

AMUSEMENTS

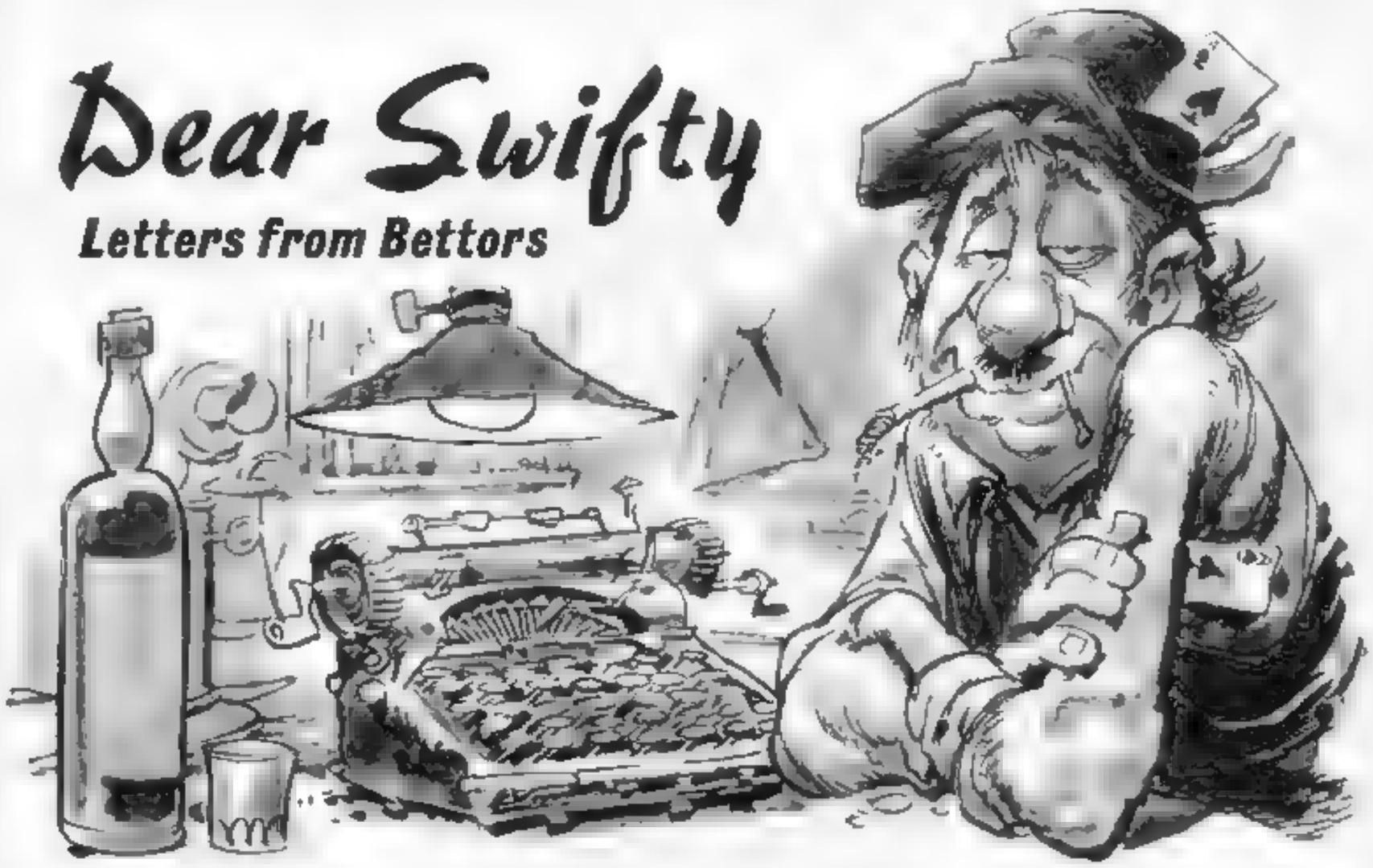
Take a FUN break! Fool and amuse your friends. How about a real-looking rubber dagger to stick in your throat when you lose a tight one at poker? Or a whoopie cushion that sends the other card players scurrying out of the room (so you can get a fast peek at their hands)? Golly gee, what a good time you can have Send for free brochure to: Lawrence Siegel's FUN STATION, Thermal Center, Calif.

New! Toilets made fun! Instead of the dull old lock mechanism on your home toilet, install our new "Slot Machine Pay Toilet" device. If the player wins, the door opens as a payoff! Winners will double up with laughter, and losers will double up with discomfort. Think of the fun you'll have . . . especially when you have to go yourself! Slot Machine Toidy, Inc. Missula, Mont.

Gambler Magazine

GAMBLER MAGAZINE is published come the 7th, come the 11th of each month by Baccarat Enterprises. The Magazine originally was published by TIME-LIFE, Inc., but the present publisher won it from Henry Luce in a pinochle game (a 450 spader did the trick!). The odds are against unsolicited articles being returned to the sender, even when accompanied by return postage. Payment for the articles that are used in **GAMBLER** will be considered, but don't bet on it!

Dear Swifty
Letters from Bettors



DEAR SWIFTY: I am having very bad luck lately. I've lost on everything I've bet—football, track, dice and trombone solos. I ask myself, "Am I a born loser?" I don't know. The other day, I said, "I'll bet Swifty could tell me!" How about it?
W.G. Manhattan

Dear W.G. You lose!

DEAR SWIFTY: I am a compulsive gambler. My friends are disgusted with me and won't even talk to me anymore. My business is ruined, I've lost my house and car, and my wife is running off with a career sanitation man. (I can see them getting into the truck now.) I need advice, please, please, please!
N.M. Hewlett, N.Y.

Dear N.M. What's the problem? If you can't be specific, don't expect me to help you, creep. I ain't no mind reader!

DEAR SWIFTY: I was playing poker last night with my gang. One guy has three of a kind, another a straight, another a flush and I had two pair. Who should have won?
J.D.F. Jersey City

Dear J.D.F. Don't bother me with trivial questions, just tell me when and where's the next game, and could you use a fifth hand?

DEAR SWIFTY: I'd like to give your readers a tip. Never bet on baseball, basketball, football, horses or dogs. All these "so-called" sports are fixed. I know! That's why the only sport I ever bet on is professional wrestling.
L.S. Barstow, Calif.

Dear L.S. Don't bet too much on professional wrestling or you might lose your straight jacket, moron!

DEAR SWIFTY: How can I make money gambling in the stock market?
A.F. N.Y.C.

Dear A.F. Sell short when the market is weak and buy long when the market is strong.

DEAR SWIFTY: Thanks, but I don't understand what selling short and buying long means.
A.F. N.Y.C.

Dear Pesty A.F. Selling short is when you borrow stock, sell it, and contract to replace it at a later date. If the stock goes down, the contract price, being higher means that you make the difference. However, if the market.....

EDITOR'S NOTE: Unfortunately, Swifty was not able to finish. We regretfully inform our readers that Swifty died while working on the answer. The coroner's report indicates that Swifty bored himself to death. Please omit flowers, but place a bet in Swifty's name on the third race at Aqueduct. (He would have wanted it that way.)

GAMBLER MAGAZINE'S MAN-OF-THE-MONTH

This Issue Your Editors Choose To Spend...

Morn To Night With IRVING BRIGHT!

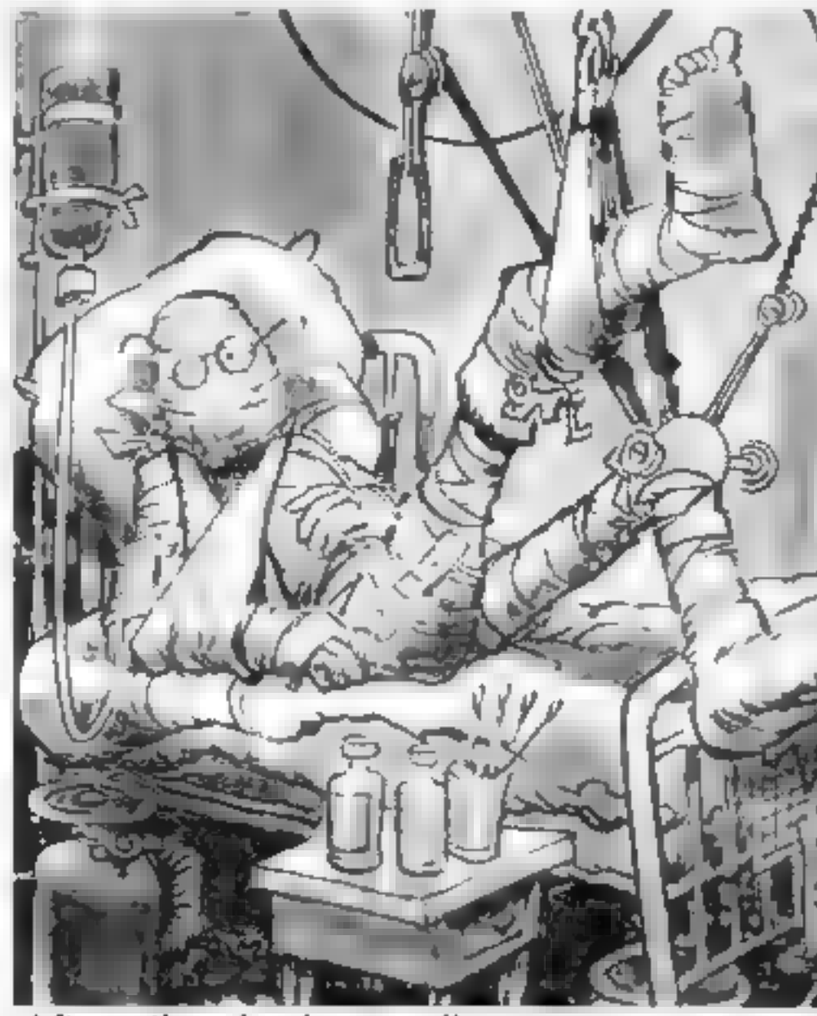
Irving greets the dawn with the hope that today will be his big day. His modestly furnished apartment was decorated from track winnings.

Irving likes to keep informed about both domestic and foreign affairs. That's why he reads the racing forms from Belmont Park in New York and Caliente Track in Mexico. "Knowledge is Power" is his motto.

Irving leaving his mother's house after an unsuccessful negotiation for a small loan. It seems his mother never quite forgave Irving for pawning his father's crutches. Irving's comment: "You know how fussy old people are!"

Irving's sure-thing started a dead last, then tapered off. But he's positive he'll make it up on the next race. Irv has a system no one else knows, mainly because they won't listen to him tell about it.

Irving has, from time to time, borrowed money from the syndicate. The trouble is, the mob wants its money back. Irving's promise that if they'll forget it, they will be his very best friends doesn't seem to impress them favorably at all.



After the business discussion with the syndicate, has Irving learned his lesson? We wonder. There's a good chance that when he gets out he'll go straight —straight on out to the track!

WHAT'S THE ODDS?

LOU THE LEBANESE SETS THE LINE ON EVERYDAY OCCURRENCES

It's **9** to **5** that somebody you don't want to see will spot you as you sneak into a porno movie.

It's **5** to **2** that Ed McMahon is going to laugh at least twice during the show after he's been humiliated by MC Johnny Carson.

It's **3** to **2** that a friend who's on a diet will tell you what he has had for every meal. (It's **even money** you can't stay awake all through the whole number!)

It's **4** to **1** your toenail will rip down no matter how hard you try to rip it straight across.

It's **8** to **1** that the TV repairman will tell you he has to take your set back to the shop.

It's **even money** that when your doctor tests you for a hernia, he will actually give you one.

An Act Of God Solved My Gambling Problems

by "Also-Ran" Rabinowitz

I have to tell you straight out, I am not a religious man. At least I wasn't until two months ago when it happened. I was losing constantly. You name the sport, game or pastime—I bet and lost. My whole life was coming apart, I owed money to everyone. I would hide when someone was at the door, afraid it might be the bill collector coming to repossess my cardigan sweater.

I decided on one last big play. I took my lifelong savings and headed for the bookie joint to put it all on a lottery number. As I was walking, I looked up and noticed a new building. They were just putting up the building address...it was 8888! Now that might not seem like something to get excited about to you, but the winning numbers for the past four days had been 4444, 5555, 6666 and yesterday it was 7777!! What a hunch!! That was the number to play! A sure winner!

As I stepped off the curb to cross the street, a car raced out of control and hit me, dragging me 45 feet, right to the emergency ward of the hospital. Luckily, some civic minded pedestrian got the license plate of the hit-and-run driver.

The next morning when I came out of the anesthetic, I looked in the newspaper and I was stunned. Number 8888 did *not* win!! If it hadn't been for my accident, I would have bet all my money and lost! The winning number actually was 6703, which curiously enough was the same number as the license plate of the car that hit me.

Well, I really learned my lesson.

So from now on, if you see me crossing the street against the lights, don't try and stop me. I'm looking for the right license plate to play. To date I've had 14 winners and 63 operations. And let me tell you something, If only I had *(Continued pg. 98)*

AMERICA'S No. 1 GAMBLING PLACE? IT'S AS NEAR AS YOUR LOCAL PHONE BOOTH!

As a matter of fact, it *is* your local phone booth! Gamble with AT&T for fast action and lots of fun. Just drop in a dime and wait for the dial tone. If you get one—you're a winner! It's as easy as that. If you don't, well, you can't win 'em all. For wild and zany variations, try calling the operator and getting your money back! Sure the odds are against you, but just think of the wild stories you can tell your friends if you hit!

As Ma Bell says: "You put the gamble into telephoning, we take the gamble out!"

HOT TIPS

by Tony the Turk

OH YEAH DEPT. The U.S. Weather Bureau predicts 9 inches of rain next month for the State of Washington. I say, "Bull!" And I'm willing to back it up! Are they? Put your money where your mouth is, U.S. Weather Bureau!...CONGRATS DEPT. For Louis Fink whose wife gave birth to an 8 lb., 14 oz. baby last month. Louis doesn't know if it's a boy or a girl, stating "Who cares? The main thing is I came closest to guessing the thing's weight and won a quick 50 in the office pool!" BOOMERANG DEPT. It's back to his old lady for Mitchel Fox. His "My bookie doesn't understand me!" shtick softened her up.

83-year-old Annie Flesher, the anti-gambling crusader, is at it again! Now she is organizing a trip to Las Vegas to picket Caesar's Palace. Annie's group has financed the protest jaunt by selling raffle tickets and holding a Bingo night.

SO SORRY DEPT. Send "get well" cards to Solly "Fingers" Malloy, well-known sleight-of-hand trickster. It seems that Solly got into a game with two visitors from Chicago whose eyes were as quick as Solly's hands. It makes it hard for "Fingers" to do his usual bit with both hands in casts, but there are compensations—he may finally break his nose-picking habit!

DAILY DOUBLE DEPT. Condolences to Joe Mazzarella who lost his wife last week—in a pinochle game. Joe was inconsolable. "I lost 3 bucks, too," he said. Well, sometimes you lose and sometimes you lose!

Rudy "The Rip" Rounder's son Herman's wedding was a field day for oddsmakers who gave 9 to 5 the bride was pregnant. "I'll break Herm's neck if she ain't", said the proud Rudy, "If I don't win my bet I can't pay for this fancy shindig!"

SUCKER BET DEPT. Harvey Senft bet he could sit through a Henry Kissinger press conference and stay awake. Don't be a shmuck, Harv! WOULD YOU BELIEVE DEPT. Sid Boxer set the all-time Fountainbleau Hotel record with his knock down, drag out 3-day-and-night gin rummy contest with Stan Hertz to determine Gin Rummy King of the Garment Center. During the 3 day span, Sid's wife, Sylvia, had an affair with a towel boy in an adjoining cabana, flew off with him to Acapulco, found out it would never work (He's 18, she's 54—and he couldn't keep up with her!), and then 747'd it back to Miami just in time to congratulate Sid. Friends claim that Sid never knew. "I knew," said Sid, "but what could I do? I had him on a Schneid!"...But don't get me wrong—I love the fifth race at Hialeah!

FOTO FINISHES

Gambler Magazine's Award-Winning Shots of Faces and Places Around Gamblingland, U.S.A.

In Miseracordia Hospital, surgeons have found a new way to make operations more interesting. They bet on the outcome of heart transplants. Doctor Bernie Christian has been the big winner thus far and swears that there is no truth to the rumor that he dumped two operations last week to hit the 3-Transplant Superfecta.

Alvin Steinfeld has found a sure way to take the gamble out of the stock market. He went for a sure thing by jumping out of the 13th floor window. Unfortunately, Gwirtz Burtman wasn't so lucky—he was going to cash in his very profitable Xerox stock when Steinfeld crash-landed on top of him!

For real stick-to-itiveness, few can top Ms. Melinda Koiach. The mighty mite from Mosholu has set an all-time slot machine record by staying at one machine for five years, three months and twelve days. Her two children were born in the casino. Says Ms. Koiach about her kids: "They don't really miss the daylight."

Here are two gamblers who are out to beat the mad rush to the resorts for the 4th of July weekend. They stay on the Freeway overpass and the one whose count comes closest to the estimate of auto fatalities put out by the National Safety Council is the winner.

The newest gambling rage at Reed College this year is called "Margaret Sanger Roulette". The coeds mix an equal number of white M & M's in with their birth control pills, which puts a new excitement into weekend campus dating.

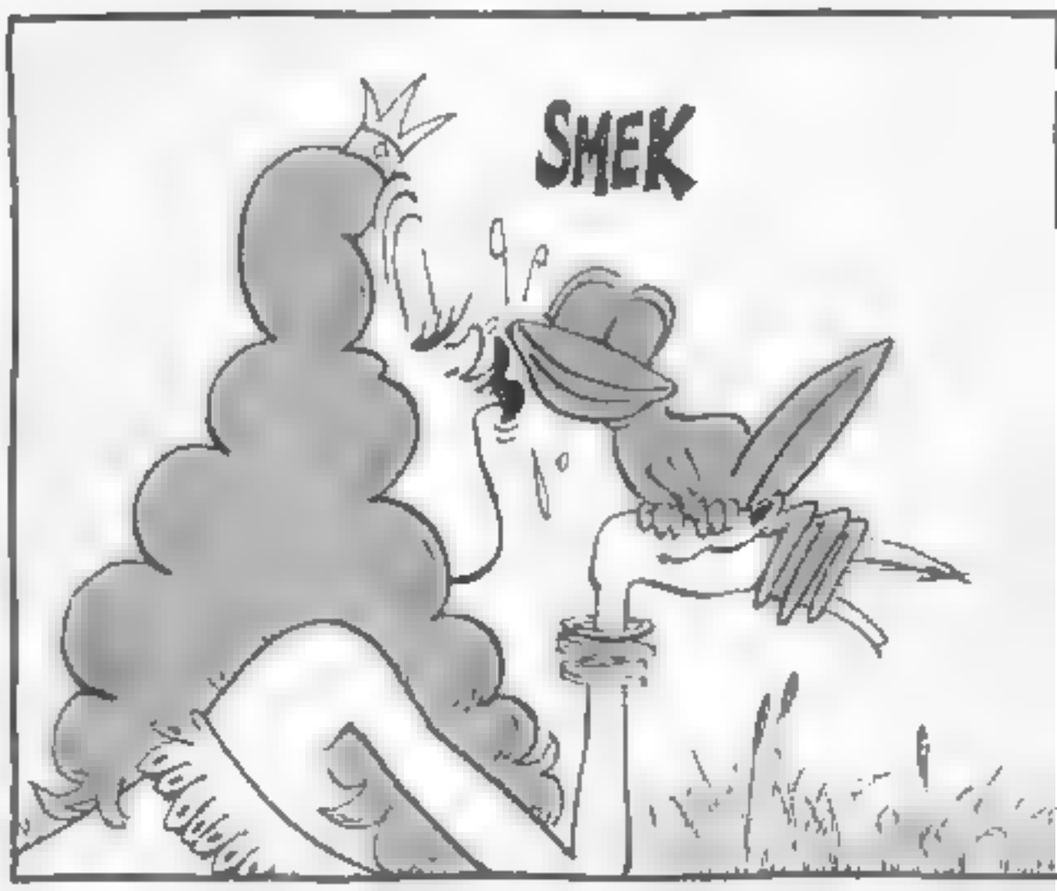
The Encenada Temple Men's Club held their annual Las Vegas Night last Friday. Because of a conflict of scheduling, the event was held in the Temple, not in the Rec Room downstairs. The confusion resulted when the Rabbi mistakenly thought the Temple was supposed to be used for services.

Orville Schnitzer found a way to vent his frustration after picking all 8 winners at Aqueduct, but not being able to get to the track because he was broke. His brain surgeon is giving even money on his final recovery.

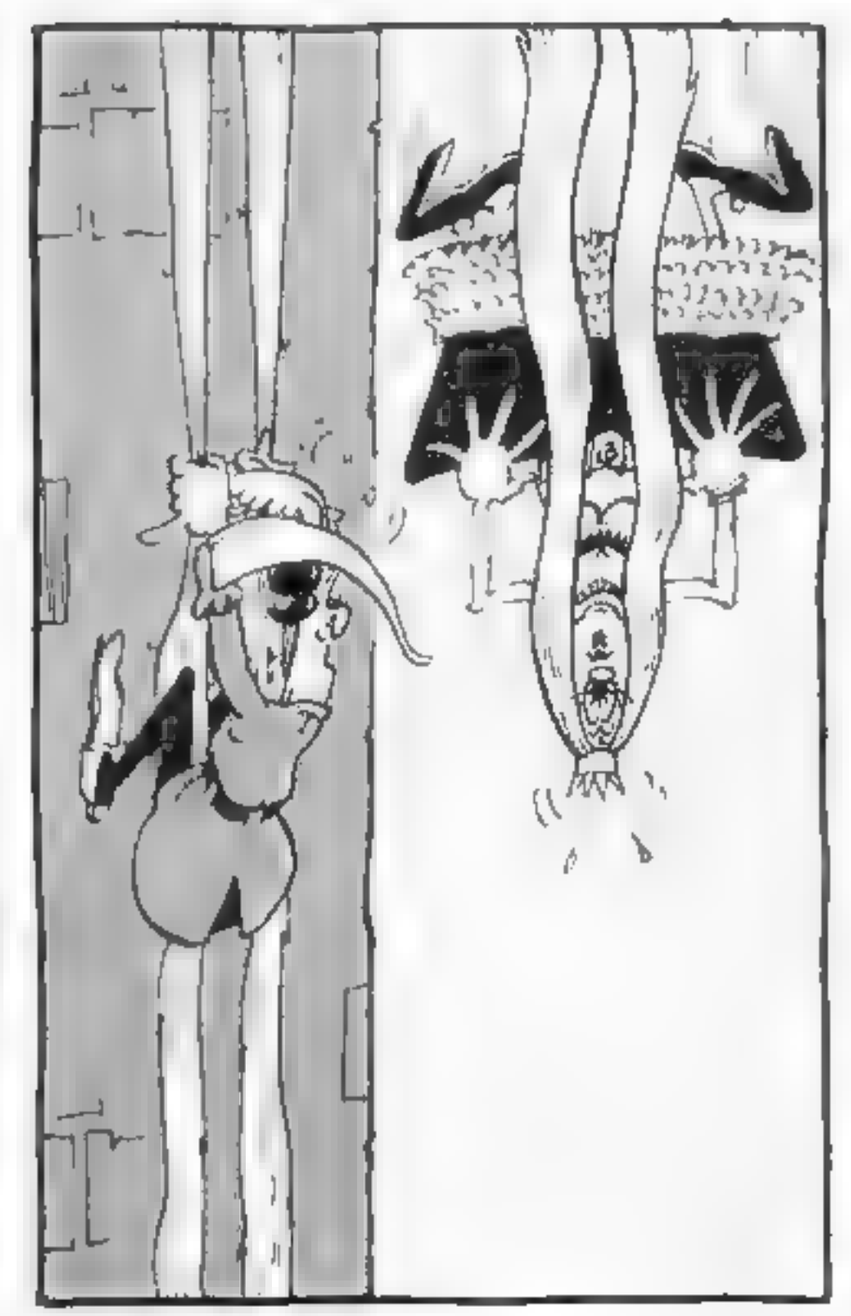
DON MARTIN LOOKS AT THREE FAIRY TALES

RAPUNZEL

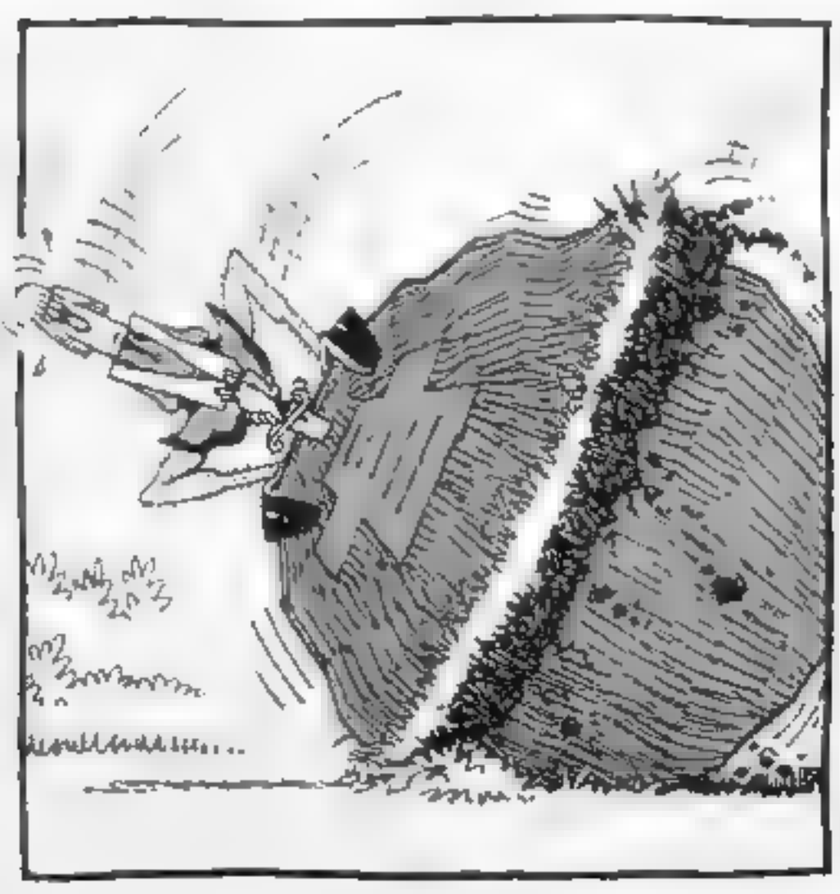
THE FROG PRINCE

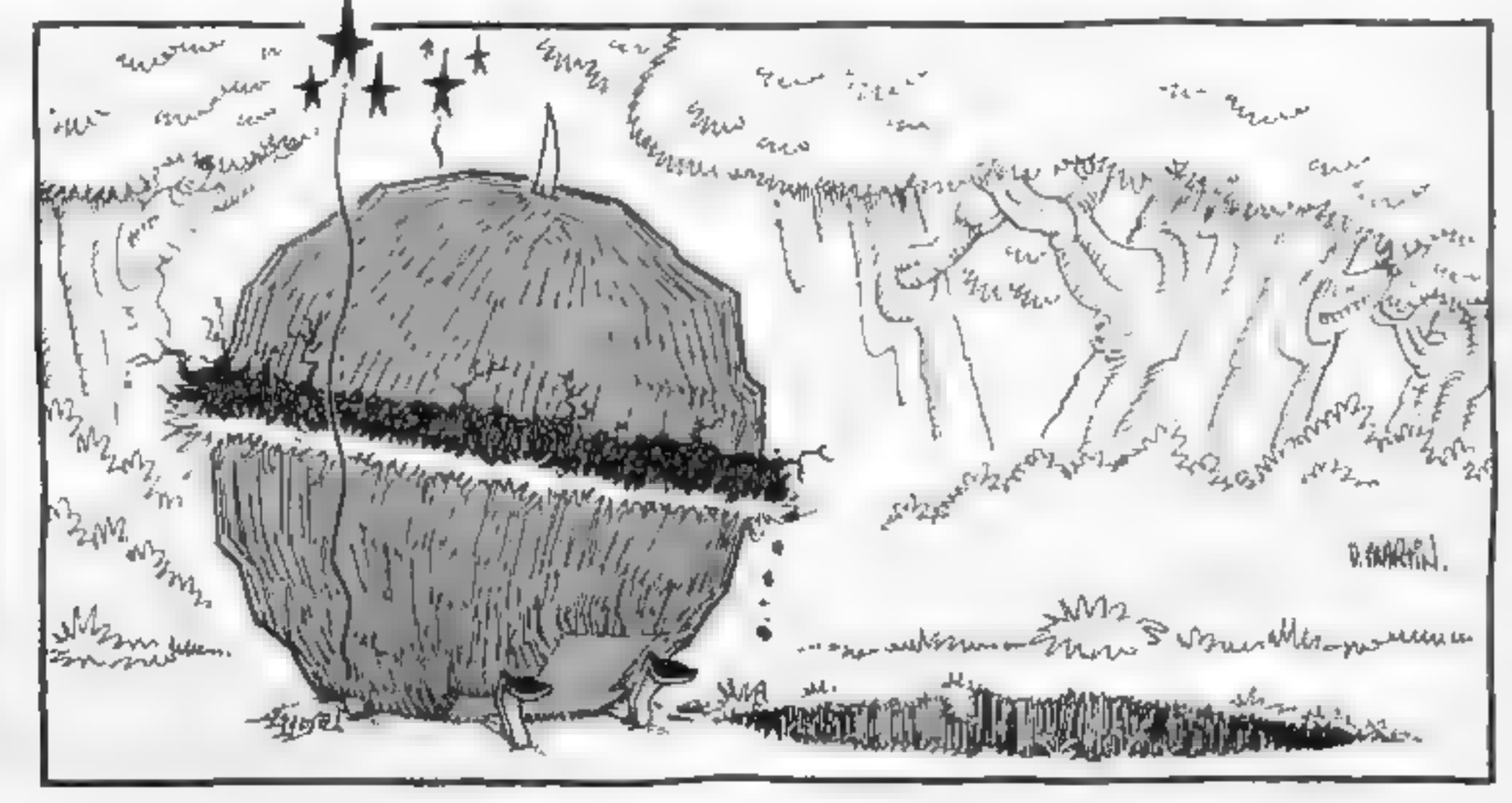


KING ARTHUR



THOO DOOMP





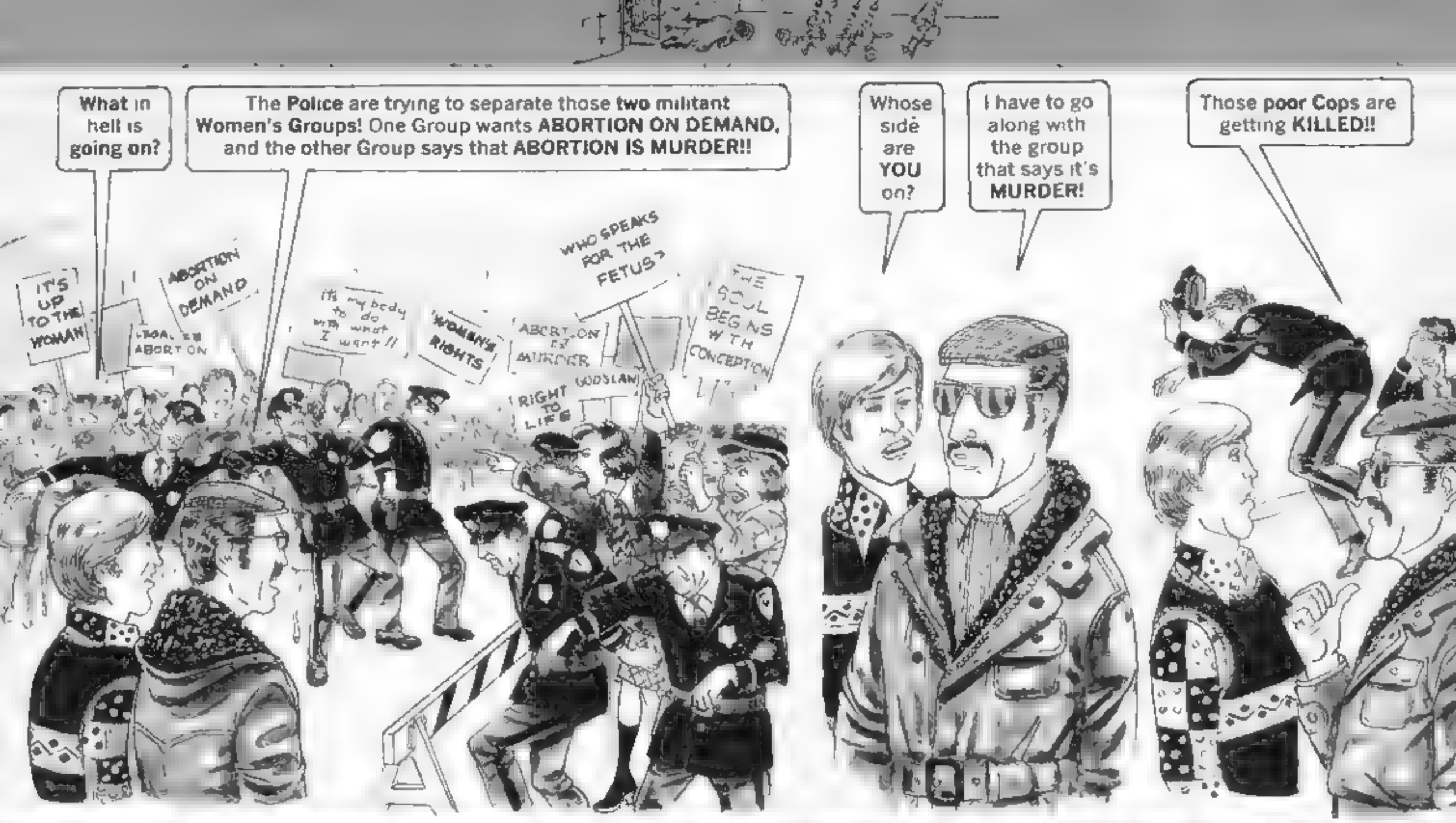
What in hell is going on?

The Police are trying to separate those two militant Women's Groups! One Group wants ABORTION ON DEMAND, and the other Group says that ABORTION IS MURDER!!

Whose side are YOU on?

I have to go along with the group that says it's MURDER!

Those poor Cops are getting KILLED!!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... POLAR

The White Devils sold us into Slavery! And the White Devils exploited us with their White God! We Black Muslems believe in Allah, the only TRUE God!

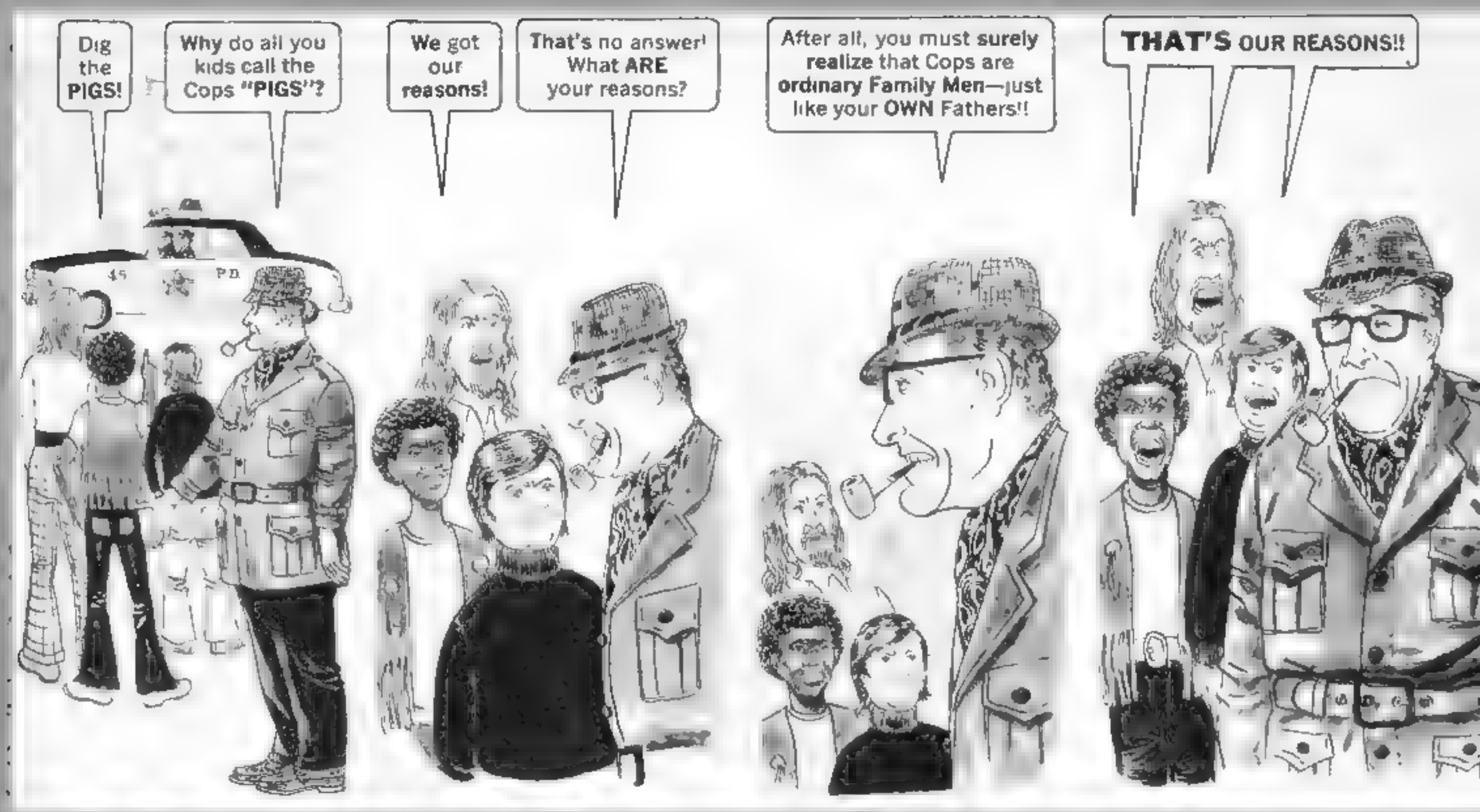
But Allah and God are the same!

See?!? There you go—believing in what the White Devils tell you! Believe in only what the ARABS tell you! They are your friends!

But the Arabs ALSO sold us Blacks into Slavery! And the Arabs are ALSO WHITE!

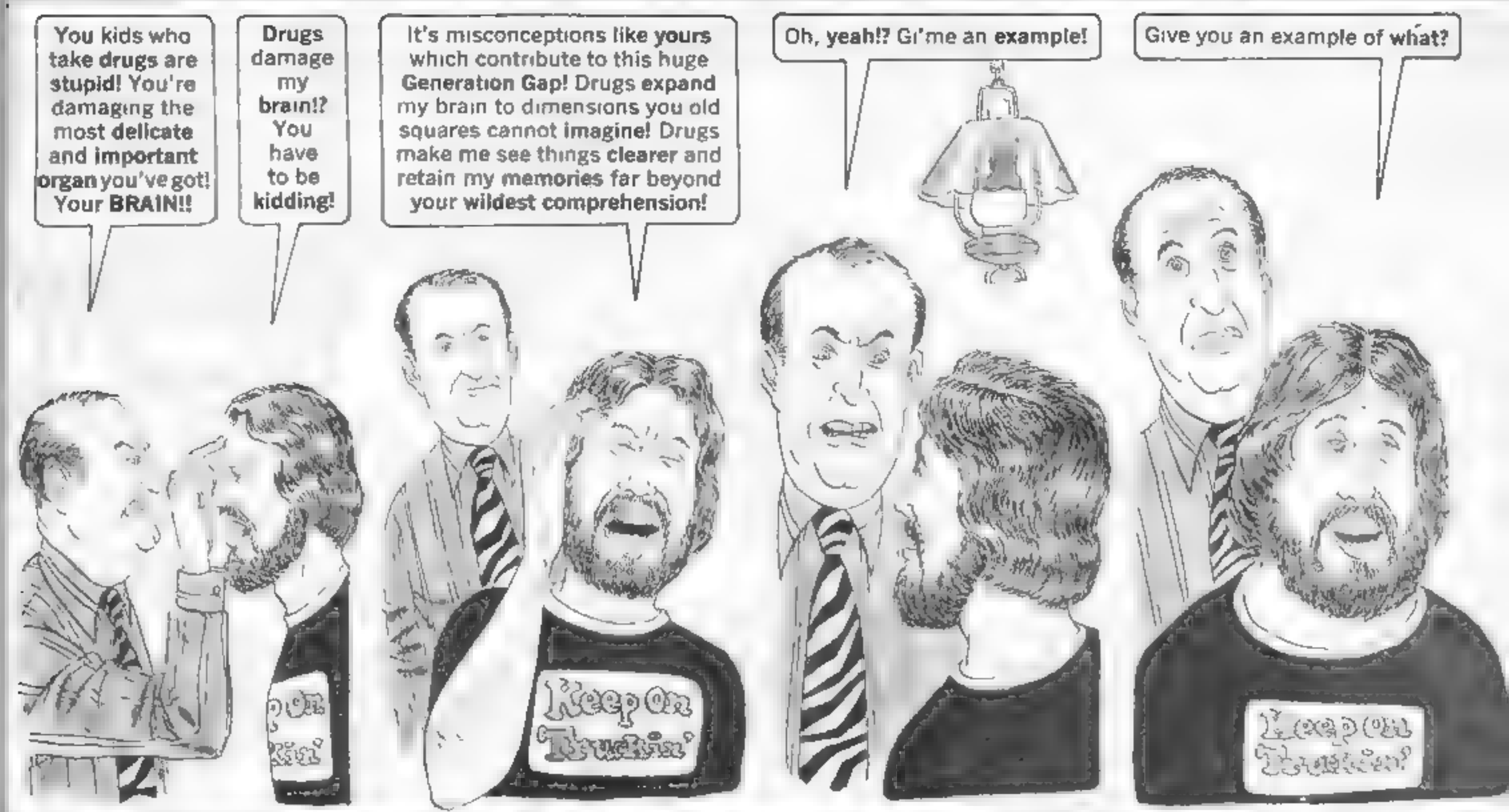
Why do you bring up an unimportant fact like Arabs are WHITE?!?

YOU RACIST PIG!!



IZATION

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



My ancestors were **English Protestants** who came here in **1620!** Then, all those **DAMN FOREIGNERS** started coming over here, trying to take over the Country!
First came the lousy **French!** Then came the rotten **Germans** and the dirty **Irish** and the dumb **Italians** and the stupid **Polacks** and the conniving **Jews!**
Now we've got those damn foreigners like the **Puerto Ricans** and the **Chicanos** coming in and trying to take over the Country!
I've got **news** for you, Chum!
All you damn foreigners **DID** take over the Country!
That's my Brother, the **Born Loser!** Look at that **cheap car** he drives! It absolutely **embarrasses** me!
You're **always putting me down!** Just because you have **a little more money** than I do! At least **my cheap car** is **PAID UP!!**
BIG DEAL! What does it **take** to pay off a car like that! **Change** from my **pocket!** Wanna see a **REAL car?** Take a look at this! Cost me **ELEVEN BIG ONES!!**
Wow! That's **some car!** Is it **PAID FOR?**
Who bothers with **details!?** I put down **a grand** and drove it out of the **showroom!**
You mean you still **owe TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS** on that car?!?
Gee! I didn't know you had **THAT much money!!**
When I was **a poor kid** in the **ghetto, we were always in debt!** All I **wished for** was to have everything **Whitey** had!
So I **worked hard** and got an **education!** Then, thanks to the White policy of giving preference to any ambitious Black, I landed a **good job!** For doing this, my Soul Brothers back in the ghetto called me an **"Uncle Tom"!**
But I **ignored** them, and I **kept on working!** And now, I've got a **house** in the **suburbs,** with a **car** and a **washing machine** and a **dish-washer!** Yep, I finally got everything that **Whitey** has!
I'm **always in debt!**

I figured it out! When I had a job, I was making as much money as I would if I went on Welfare! So I quit my job!

Hey! That means I'm supporting you with my taxes! I think I'll quit MY job and go on Welfare, TOO!

Hold it!! That means I have to carry a DOUBLE burden! In that case, I'LL quit MY job and go on Welfare, TOO!

See the trouble you're causing because you won't hold up your end?!?

–Yeah! Why don't you get off Welfare and get a job!?

WHAT!?! AND SUPPORT YOU TWO MOOCHERS?!?

What ever happened to the American Dream of starting a small business and working your way to success?

It's as dead as last month's hit record!

Everything in America is BIG, today! Big Business . . . Big Labor . . . Big Government! They crush everyone in their path!

The "Little Guy" doesn't stand a chance!

Yeah! This is just one more case of Big Business squeezing out the Little Guy!!

You kids are just YELLOW! That's why you wouldn't fight for your Country during the Vietnam War!

The question was . . . whether Vietnam WAS our Country!

That has nothing to do w th it! When War is declared, you GO!!

The question was . . . whether War was ever declared, since Congress never voted for it!

You smart aleck kids think you know all the answers!

No .

Just the QUESTIONS!!

We of the **Women's Liberation Movement** demand **equal pay for equal work!** We are the **equals,** if not the **BETTERS** of the **Male Chauvinist Pigs!**

We will no longer tolerate being **Sex Objects!** We will no longer tolerate being **Second Class Citizens!** We will no longer tolerate being **Legalized Kept Women!**

And **YOU** and **YOUR KIND** of **Smug Chauvinist Pigs** are the **WORST enemies** the Women's Liberation Movement has! But we shall **EVEN** overcome . . .

. . . **you CONTENTED HOUSEWIVES!**

Look at those old codgers! They're **useless** to our Society, living on **Welfare** and **Medicare!** We ought to pass a law so we could do what the **Eskimos** did . . . put them all out on **ice floes** and get it **over with!**

That's a very **cruel** and **uncivilized** thing to **do!**

Perhaps! But it's **practical!**

Listen, Sonny . . . someday, **YOU'LL** be **old** and **sickly!** How would **YOU** like it if they did that to **you?!?**

I **wouldn't** like it **at all!**

But by that time, **I'd** be **in power** and **change the law!!**

This Country is so—so **polarized!** Everyone is pulling in **different directions!** I remember after the Presidential Election, **one** little girl held up a sign that said, "**Bring Us Together . . .**"

Talking about **little girls** . . . how about reading **YOUR** little girl a **Nursery Rhyme?**

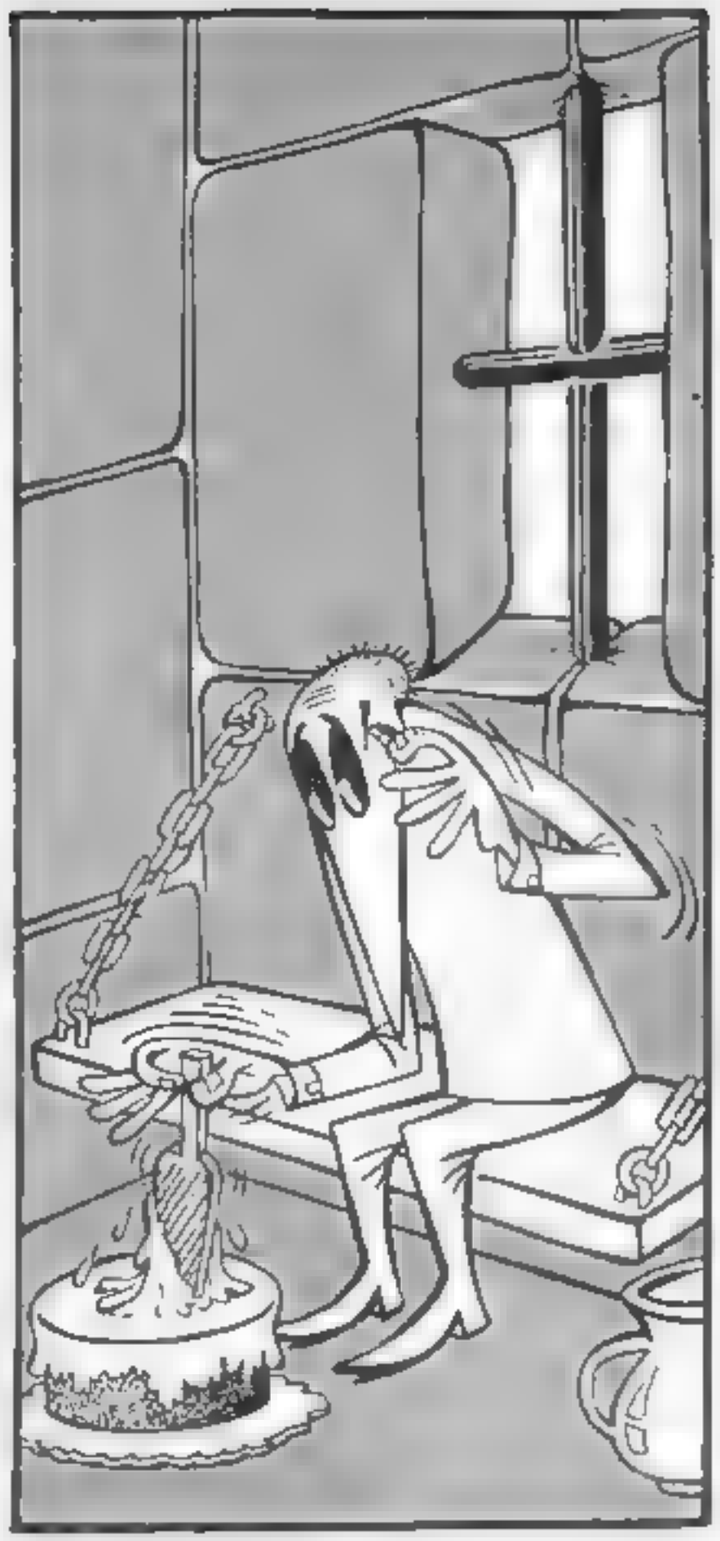
Okay, Honey . . .

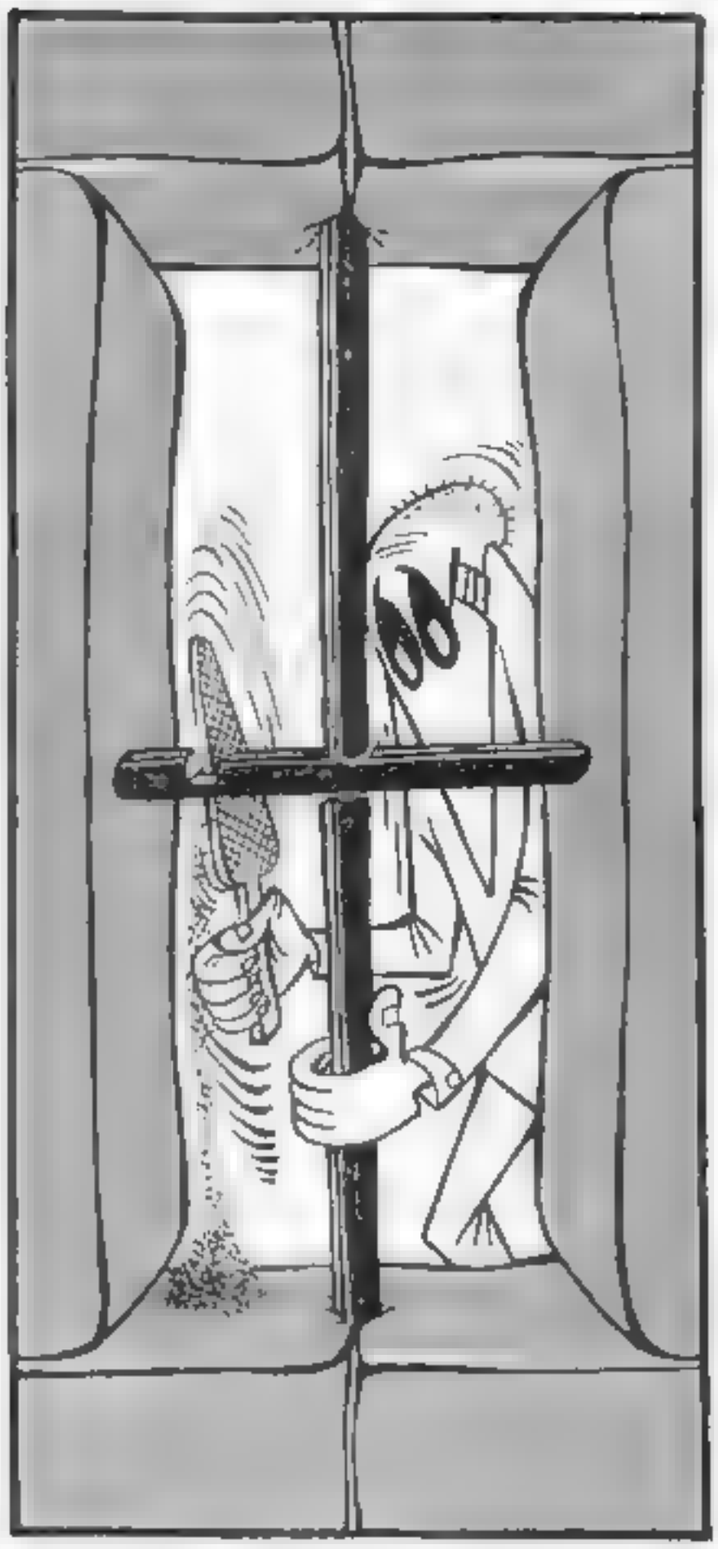
"Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses,
And all the King's men,
Couldn't put Humpty
Together again!'

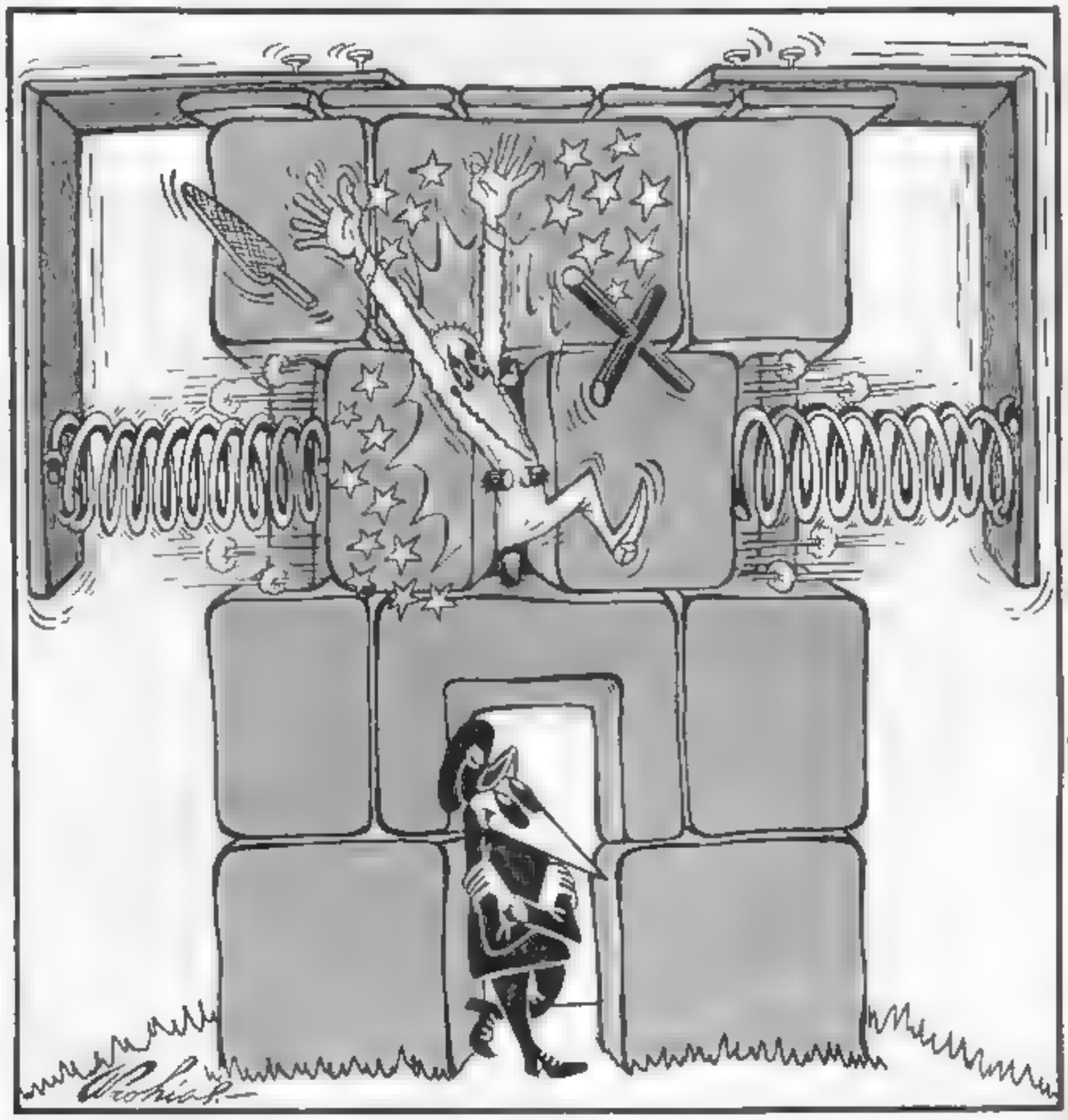
Neither could the President!

SPY VS SPY

FROM MOM







Whenever we buy a bottle of cough medicine or a can of soup, there's a label on it that lists all the ingredients. That's so we'll know what's inside, and we won't be fooled by

If People Were Lab

the outside appearance. Unfortunately, our lives are affected by people more than bottles and cans, and you can never tell exactly what's inside them. So wouldn't it be a good idea

eled Like Products

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Tell the Court, Mr. Lasagna, how you believe that someone **BORROWED** your fingerprints and **PUT THEM** on the murder weapon, while all the time you were **1200 miles away . . .** running a **Christmas Party** for a group of **orphans** in **Utah!**

I object! Counsel is **leading the Accused!!**

Objection overruled! Answer your Lawyer's **rigged question,** Mr. Lasagna . .

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

NET WEIGHT: 157 POUNDS
Ingredients:

Anticipation Of The Fee	24⅘%
Contempt For The Law	24⅘%
Knowledge Of Loopholes	24⅘%
Confidence In The Knowledge That Judge Has Been Bribed	24⅘%
Belief In Client's Innocence	⅘ of 1%

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

NET WEIGHT: 175 POUNDS
Ingredients:

Crusading Image	42%
Political Ambitions	32%
Contempt For The Law	25%
Belief In The Judge's Honesty	½ of 1%
Confidence of Winning The Case	½ of 1%

DEFENDANT

NET WEIGHT: 235 POUNDS
Ingredients:

Trust In Crooked Mouthpiece	61%
Contempt For The Law	17%
Hope For Promotion In Mob	14%
Worry Over Being Convicted	5%
Feelings Of Guilt	3%

JUDGE

NET WEIGHT: 190 POUNDS
Ingredients:

Self Esteem	12½%
Boredom	12½%
Love Of Wearing Long Black Robes	12½%
Concern Over Crossword Puzzle He Is Doing	12½%
Dislike For District Attorney	12½%
Regard For The Evidence	12½%
Contempt For Law	12½%
Corruption	12½%

I call it **"Infinite Cosmos In Limbo"!** It symbolizes Man's search for his inner self as he listens to the vibrations of **two molecules** in communion with a **Yak!**

Yes! Yes! I see it! I feel it! I want it! I'll **BUY IT!!**

MODERN ARTIST

NET WEIGHT: 161 POUNDS
Ingredients:

Showmanship	32%
Double Talk	23%
Salesmanship	22%
Fakery	21%
Talent	2%

ART PATRON

NET WEIGHT: 134 POUNDS
Ingredients:

Snobbishness	44%
Gullibility	29%
Wealth	24%
Taste	2½%
Common Sense	½ of 1%

AGENT

NET WEIGHT: 157 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Cunning	38%
Greed	32%
Salesmanship	20%
Commission	10%

STARLET

NET WEIGHT: 124 POUNDS

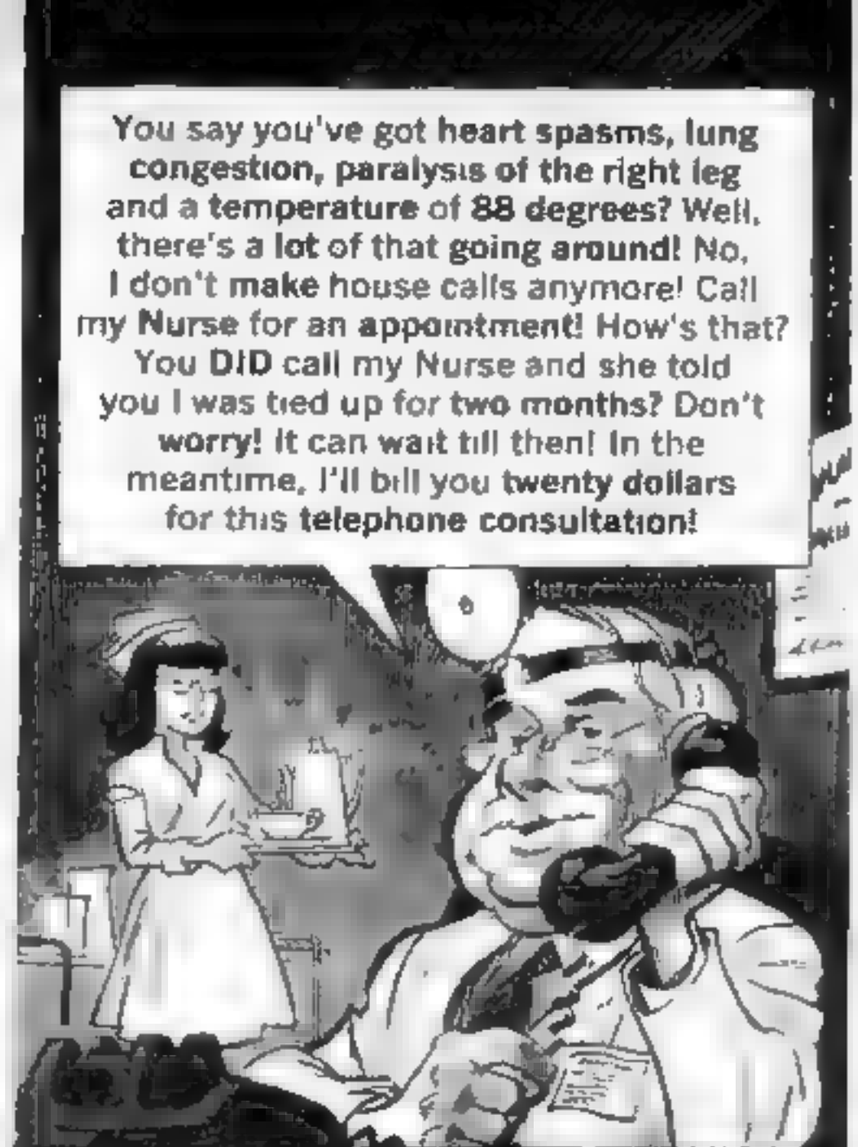
Ingredients:

PRODUCER

NET WEIGHT: 224 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Lust	91%
Intelligence	4%
Ability	3%
Integrity	2%

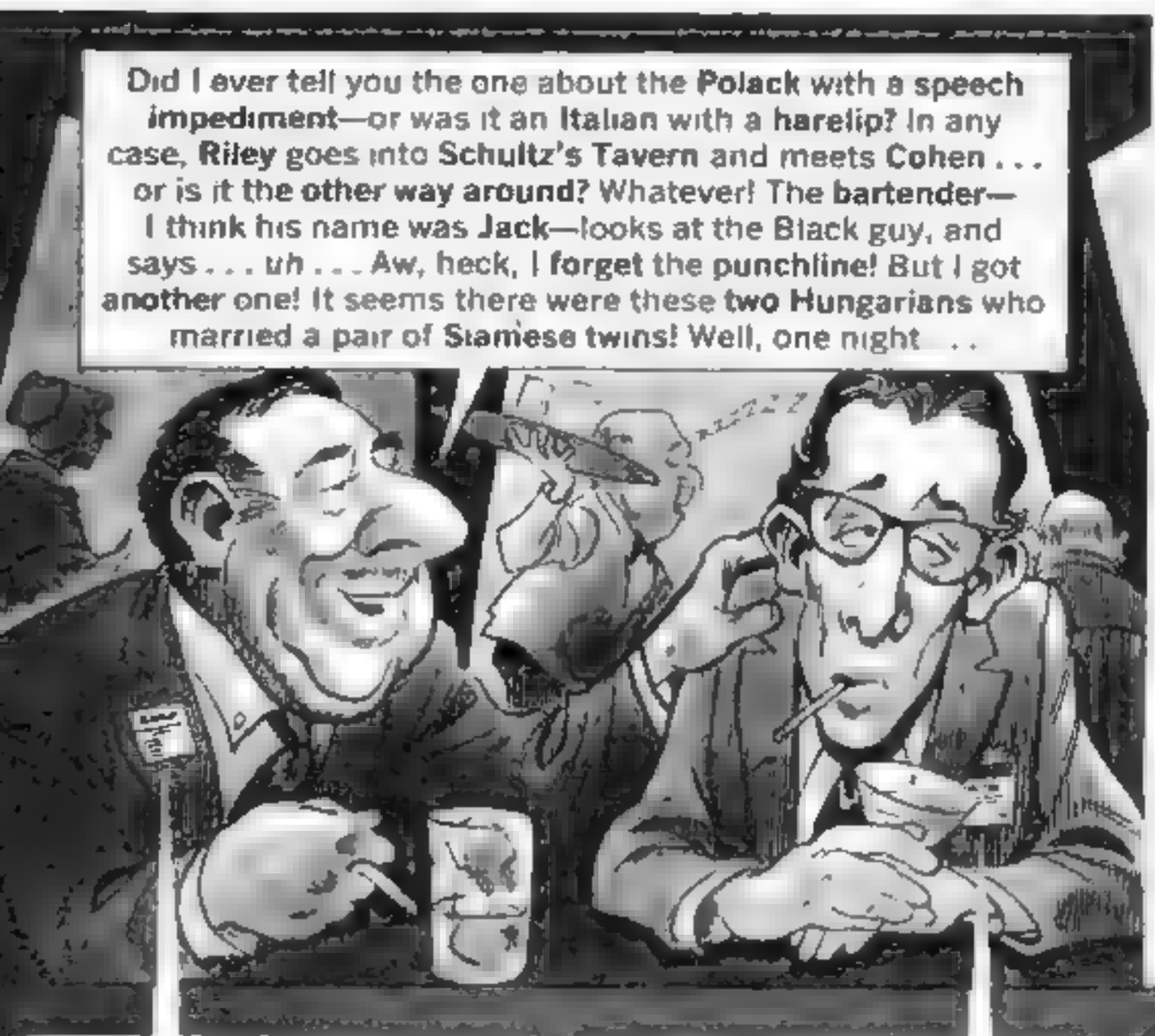


PHYSICIAN

NET WEIGHT: 189 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Concern Over Wealth Of Patient	48%
Concern Over Newest Tax Shelters	47%
Concern Over Own Ineptitude	3%
Concern For Human Life	2%



BORE

NET WEIGHT: 193 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Long Windedness	38%
Self Centeredness	34%
Additives	25%
Sensitivity	2%
Taste	1%

VICTIM

NET WEIGHT: 148 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Politeness	7%
Distress	9%
Resentment	11%
Boredom	13%
Masochism	60%

Beautician

NET WEIGHT: 147 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Flattery	15%
Pretentiousness	17%
Combined Drivel, Bunk, Tripe, Rot and Prattle	18%
Inner Hatred Of Women	50%

BEAUTY SHOP PATRON

NET WEIGHT: 132 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Vanity	20%
Self-Delusion	20%
Naive Hope	20%
Wash, Rinse, Bleach and Artificial Coloring	40%

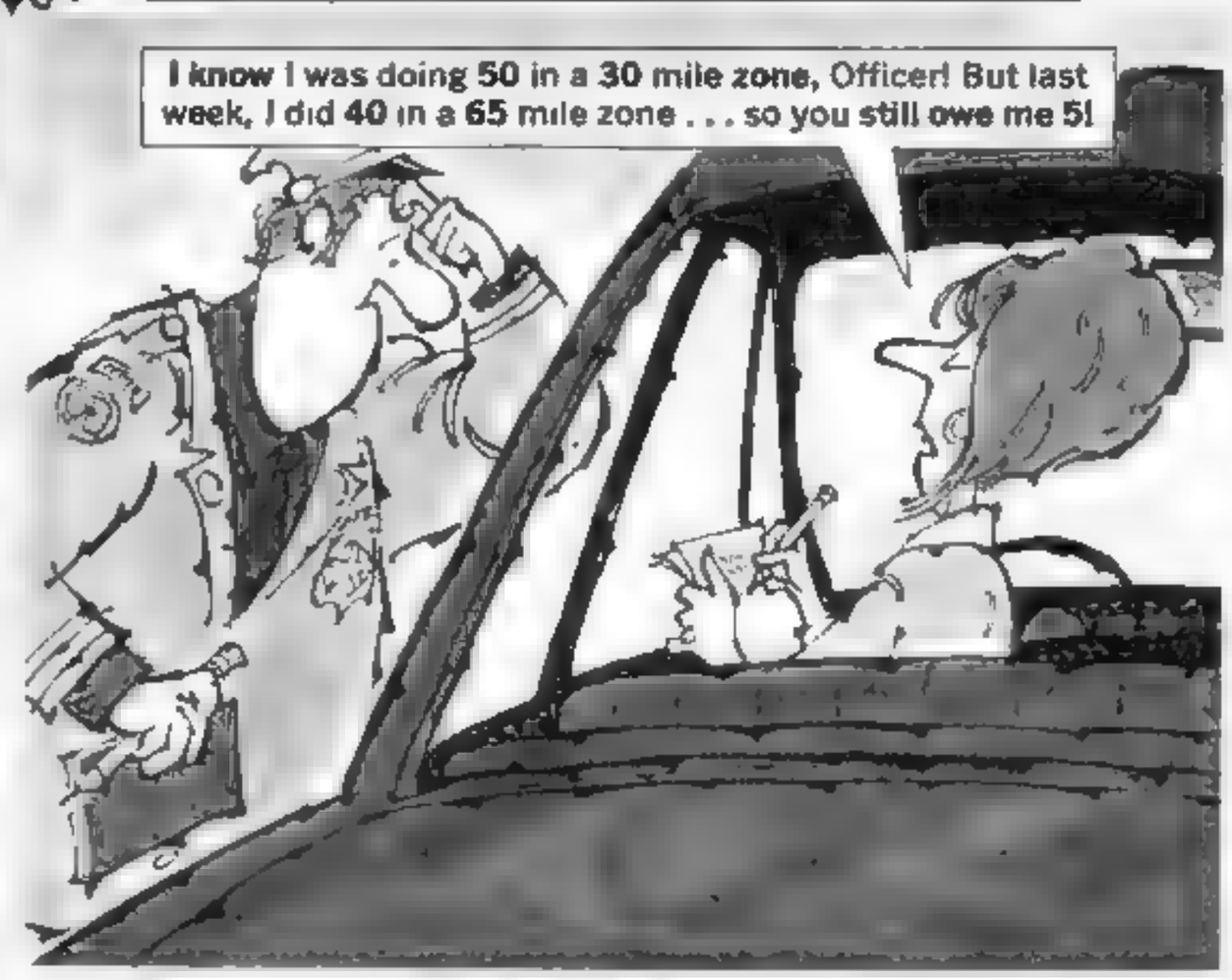
A while back, Hollywood bestowed its coveted Academy Awards on various actors and actresses for outstanding performances in motion pictures. But all of us, in our daily lives, turn in many outstanding performances. And so . . . it seems only fair that we now present THE FIRST ANNUAL . . .

MAD ACADEMY AWARDS FOR BEST PERFORMANCES IN EVERYDAY SITUATIONS

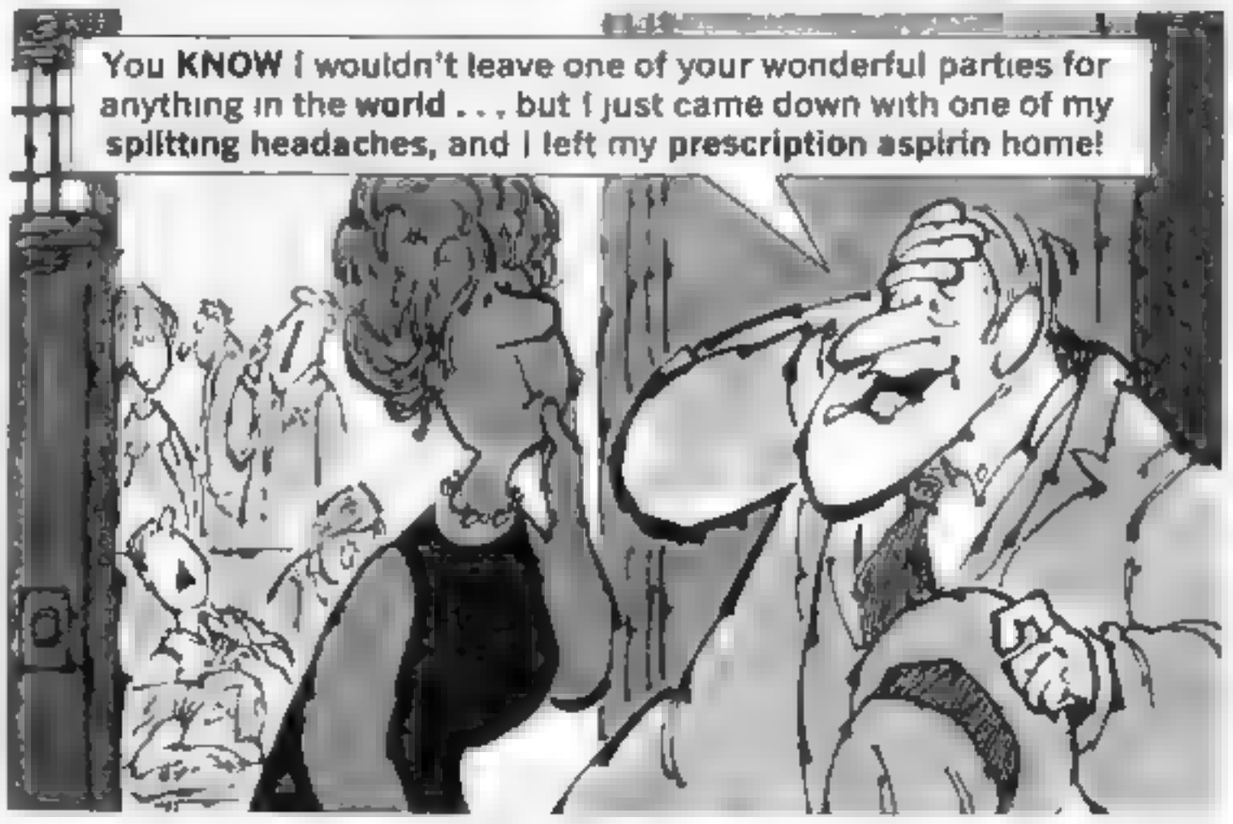
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITTEN BY: DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN

The **third** nominee is **Malvina Mishigoss,** for her unforgettable version of **"December Bribe"** . . .

And the **Winner** is: **Roz Sheppard,** for her confusing but convincing performance in **"The New Math"** . . .

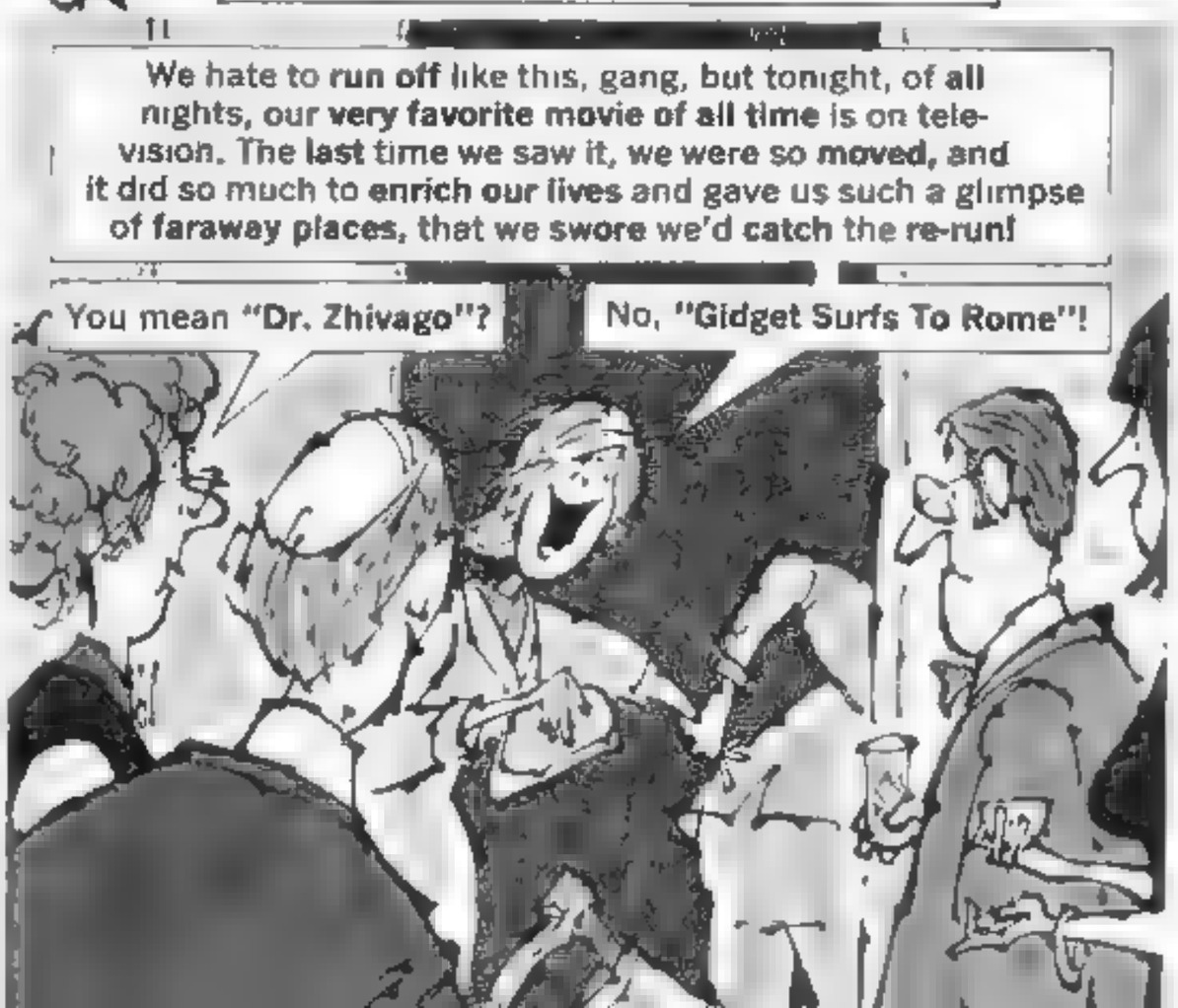


The **second** category is for **"BEST PERFORMANCE BY SOMEONE LEAVING A BORING PARTY."** The **first** nominee is **Al Muck** for **"Yawn With The Wind"** . . .



The **second** nominees are: **Kenneth** and **Sarah Badler,** who made such a great team in **"The Party's Overlong"**. . .

The **third** nominees are: **Judy** and **Sid Plyth,** for their fine acting in **"Leave Story"** . . .



And the **winner** is: **Stanley Sachs,** for his stellar job in **"What makes Stanny Run?"...**

Sorry I've got to leave the party so early, Bernice . . . but I must rush right home and start packing for my trip!

Oh? Where are you going?

To the 1976 Olympic Games!

I do **love** these fun-filled **Award Ceremonies** with their witty acceptance speeches and their exciting surprise announcements . . . uh . . . but, unfortunately, I really must **rush right home** and start **packing** for my **trip!**

But you **already packed** for the **1976 Olympic Games!**

For the **1976** Olympic Games **yes!** But I don't want to wait until the **last minute** to pack for the **1980** Olympic Games!

The **next** category is **"BEST PERFORMANCE BY A KID WHO'S ALWAYS LATE FOR SCHOOL."** The **first** nominee is. **Scott Flink,** for his brilliant job in **"Don't Stop Me If You've Heard This"** . . .

Scott! This is the **fourth day** in a **row** you've arrived **late!**

Oh, I'm **not late** for **today,** Miss Schramm! I'm **early** for **tomorrow!**

The **second** nominee is: **Phil Mintzer,** for his unanimously-acclaimed acting in **"After The Bull Is Over"** . . .

Why are you always late, Phil? Don't you LIKE History?

That's my problem, Miss Geary! I LOVE History, and I LOVE the way you TEACH it! I just can't take too much of a good thing!

1929

KANSAS

The **third** nominee is: **Tony Flinch,** for his excellent work in **"If You'll Buy This, You'll Buy Anything"** . . .

And the **winner** is. **Richard Shellis,** for his superb rendition of **"Dig That Dandy Lyin' "** . . .

Yesterday, you said you were tardy because you had to take care of your **old widowed Mother!** Is that your excuse **today, too?**

Oh, **no!** My Mother feels **fine!** Today, I had to take care of my **old widowed FATHER!**

cat

dog

epistemology

Sorry I'm **late** again, Miss Creatin, but after **milking the cows, feeding the chickens** and **slopping the pigs,** I had to walk down **twelve flights of stairs** because the **elevator** in my **apartment house** wasn't working this morning!

Mr. Shellis couldn't **make it**, so **I'm** here to accept his Award! He told me to tell you he's **stuck** in his **TRACTOR!**

Somewhere out in a **field?**

No . . . somewhere between his **Living Room** . . . and his **Bedroom!**

The **next** category is: **"BEST PERFORMANCE BY A GIRL WHO WASN'T INVITED TO A PROM."** The **first** nominee is: **Ursula Urpman,** for her memorable **"Who Needs It?"** . . .

If one had nothing **better** to do, I suppose that going to a silly **Prom** would be a **good way** to **kill a few hours!** But I'm afraid it's rather **far down** on my list of **really fantastic things to do!**

Gee, you're lucky! Uh— fantastic things like **what . . . ?**

Well . . . I have to return some **books** to the Library . . . and then I have to file my **nails** . . and then I have to **clean up my room** . . . and then I have to . . .

The **second** nominee is: **Tanya Blish,** who tugged at our heartstrings in **"Alone Again, Naturally"** . . .

The **third** nominee is **Penelope McNee,** whose inspired performance was so magnificent in **"Fibber McNee"** . . .

Go to the Prom?!? What a **juvenile idea!** Proms are alright for **children,** but not for a mature person like me! No . . . I'm **above** all that! And so, on the night of the Prom, **I'm going to stay home alone,** like a **grown woman** . . . and **CRY!**

No . . you won't be seeing **ME** at the Prom! I received **so many invitations** from so many **sweet, handsome guys** that I really **couldn't** accept **one** without **hurting** the **others!**

And the **Winner** is: **Susan Calabash,** for putting her heart and soul into **"Who's Kidding Who?"** . . .

I've surveyed the scene . . . and after weighing the childish attitudes of my **peers,** I've decided to accept an invitation to the Prom from a **much older** and **more sophisticated man!**

Oh, wow! A much older man, huh? Who's **that??**

My Father!

For this wonderful honor, I would like to thank a **much older** and **more sophisticated man!**

A much older man, huh . . . ? Who's **that?** Your **Father?!?**

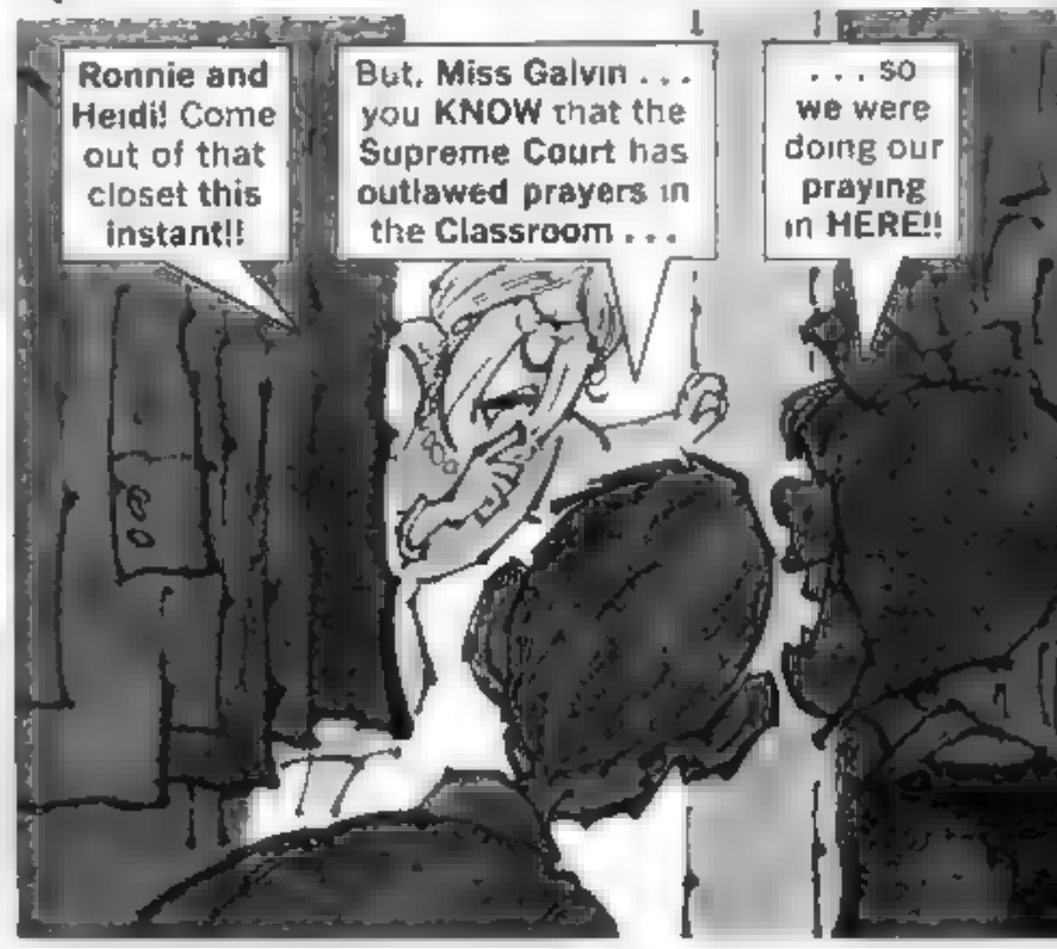
Oh? And . . . who's **that?**

Please! This older man is the **Judge** of this **Contest!**

My Father!

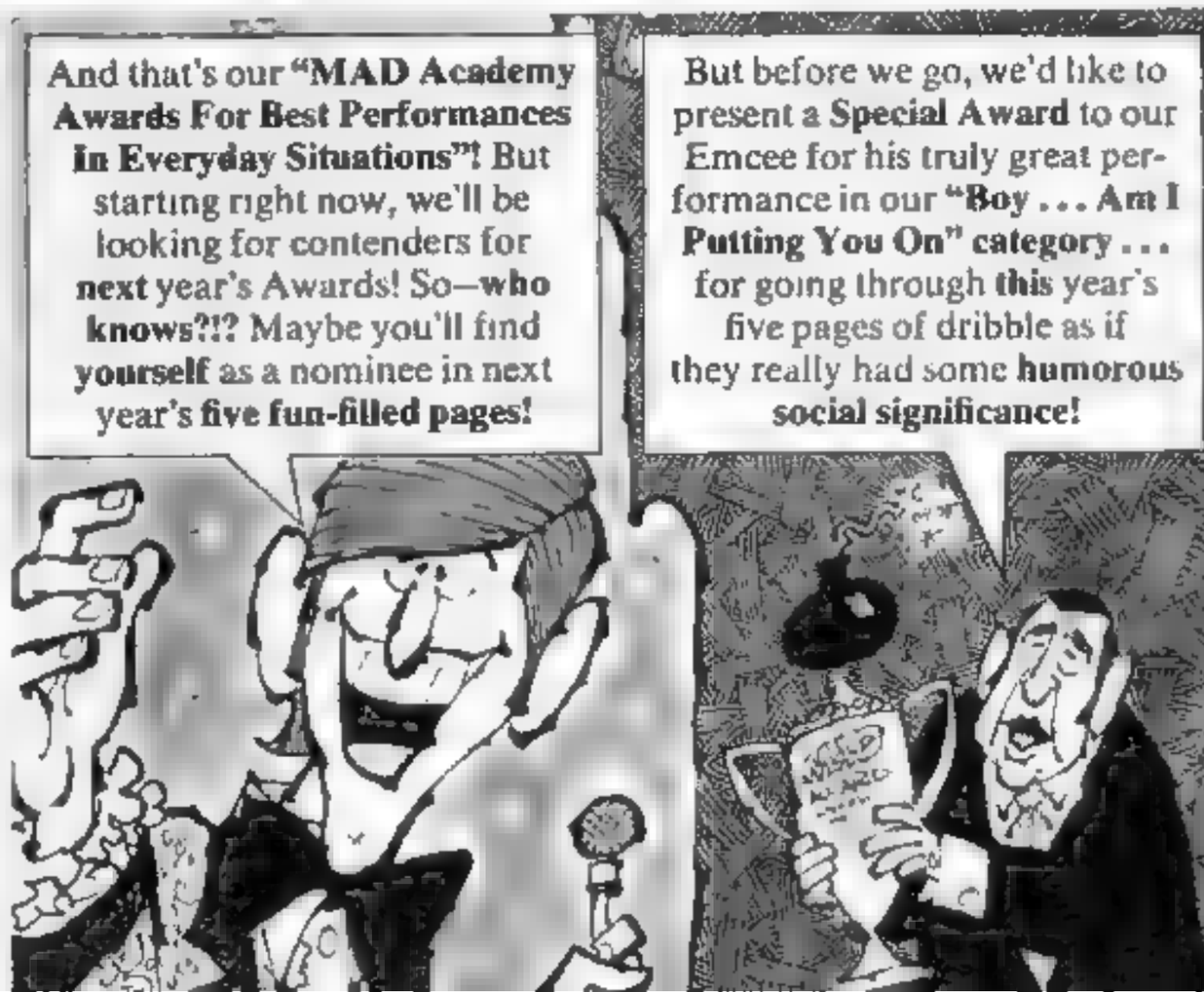
And the **last** category is **"BEST PERFORMANCE BY A BOY AND GIRL CAUGHT MAKING OUT IN A SCHOOL CLOSET."** The **first** nominees are **Josh Kidder** and **Anne Ville** for their superb teamwork in **"Teachers Pet, But They Won't Let Students"** . . .

And the **second** nominees are: **Ronnie Furshlugginer** and **Heidi Swisschick,** for their outstanding rendition of **"Please Don't Tell Our Parents"** . . .



The **third** nominees are: **Martin Gale** and **Jodi Bogg,** for their marvelous job in **"Two For The Show"** . . .

And the **Winners** are: **Arnold Bunglewald** and **Cindy Meister** for their fantastic **"Learn By Doing"** . . .



PORN FREE DEPT.

The recent Supreme Court Decision cracking down on pornography has suddenly made it very tough on Porno Film Producers who have been enjoying a field day for years. Nowadays, there's no telling when a local Censorship Board will come swooping down to put out of business one of those Porno Pictures we've all grown to know and love. Well,

CLEAN ADS FOR

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

YOU'LL SIGH, YOU'LL TINGLE, YOU'LL LEAVE THE THEATER DANCING TO THE ROLLICKING RHYTHMS OF...

"THE SOUND OF MOANING"

(formerly entitled "Deep Throat")

MEET... A Bright New Star Who'll Tug At Your Heart And Make You Feel Warm All Over

CHEER... A Gang Of Lovable Nuts Who Are Looking For Peace Of Mind—Among Other Things

LISTEN... To A Fantastic Sound Track As The Hills Come Alive With The Sound Of Breathing

LEARN... A Whole New Set Of Meanings To Our Old, Accepted "American Way Of Life"

IT'S WONDERFUL...IT'S HEART-WARMING...IT'S MAGIC!

You'll See Tricks That Will Make Your Eyes Pop... Among Other Things!

Starring LINDA LOVELACE...America's Newest Sweetheart

(Also Canada's, England's, Sweden's, Japan's, and The Teamster's Union's!)

"SHE'S THE GREATEST THING SINCE MOTHER!"
—Pat Boone

"SHE MAKES ME FORGET ANNETTE FUNICELLO!"
—Frankie Avalon

"WHO'S ANNETTE FUNICELLO?"
—Annette Funicello

MAD has come up with a solution . . . a fiendishly ingenious way to throw those Censors off the track and keep them at bay! Don't change the movies, change the ads! In other words, camouflage those notorious X-Rated films with advertisements that are full of wholesome G-Rated copy. We'll show you just what we mean with these examples of . . .

DIRTY MOVIES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

IT'S A WONDERWORLD OF ENCHANTMENT . . . IT'S AN EDUCATIONAL MIRACLE . . .
IT'S A TRAVELOGUE THAT BROADENS THE MIND AND DAZZLES THE SENSES . . .
IT'S . . . **"WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL COPENHAGEN!"**

(formerly called "Sexual Practices In Denmark")

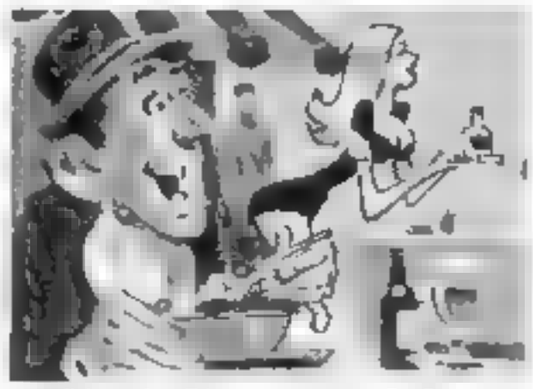
SEE A Carefree Land Where Your Wildest Fantasies Come True. And New Ones Are Born Every Minute

SEE The Magic World Of Hans Christian Anderson, Where Fairy Tales Come To Life In The Parks And Streets

SEE History In The Making In This Close-Up Study Of The Ups And Downs Of A Plucky, Fun-Loving People

FASCINATING, FANTASTIC COPENHAGEN! JOIN A PEOPLE OF SIMPLE PLEASURES AS THEY:

Stroll The Quaint Streets



Dine In Picturesque Cafes

Sip A Cup Of Hot Coffee—

And Have A Piece Of Danish

"FUN FOR KIDS FROM SIX TO SIXTY! MAINLY DANISH KIDS!!"——National Geographic

She Was The Little Girl He Always Wanted!
He Was The Loving Father She Never Had!!

IT'S FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT AT ITS BEST!!

"VIVE LA DANCE"

(previously titled "Last Tango In Paris")

Starring . . . . . .
MARLON BRANDO

And Introducing "Cute-As-A-Button" MARIA SCHNEIDER . . .
Who Sneaks Her Way Into His Heart . . . Among Other Things!

WHEN A HOMELESS FRENCH KOOK IS TAKEN IN BY A GRUMPY AMERICAN WIDOWER, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN . . . AND IT DOES! . . . IN A MIRTHQUAKE OF CRAZY FUN!

She Was Mischievous . . . She Was Uncontrollable . . . Until
He Handed Her That Old Soft Soap And Buttered Her Up!

It's Marvelous . . . It's A Million Laughs . . . It's Brando
In His Most Hilarious Role Since "Mutiny On The Bounty"!

YOU'LL ROAR YOUR HEAD OFF AS MARLON TRIES TO TALK FRENCH!
YOU'LL LAUGH EVEN LOUDER AS HE TRIES TO TALK ENGLISH!

"Maria Schneider Is France's Answer To Tuesday Weld!"
—Rona Barrett

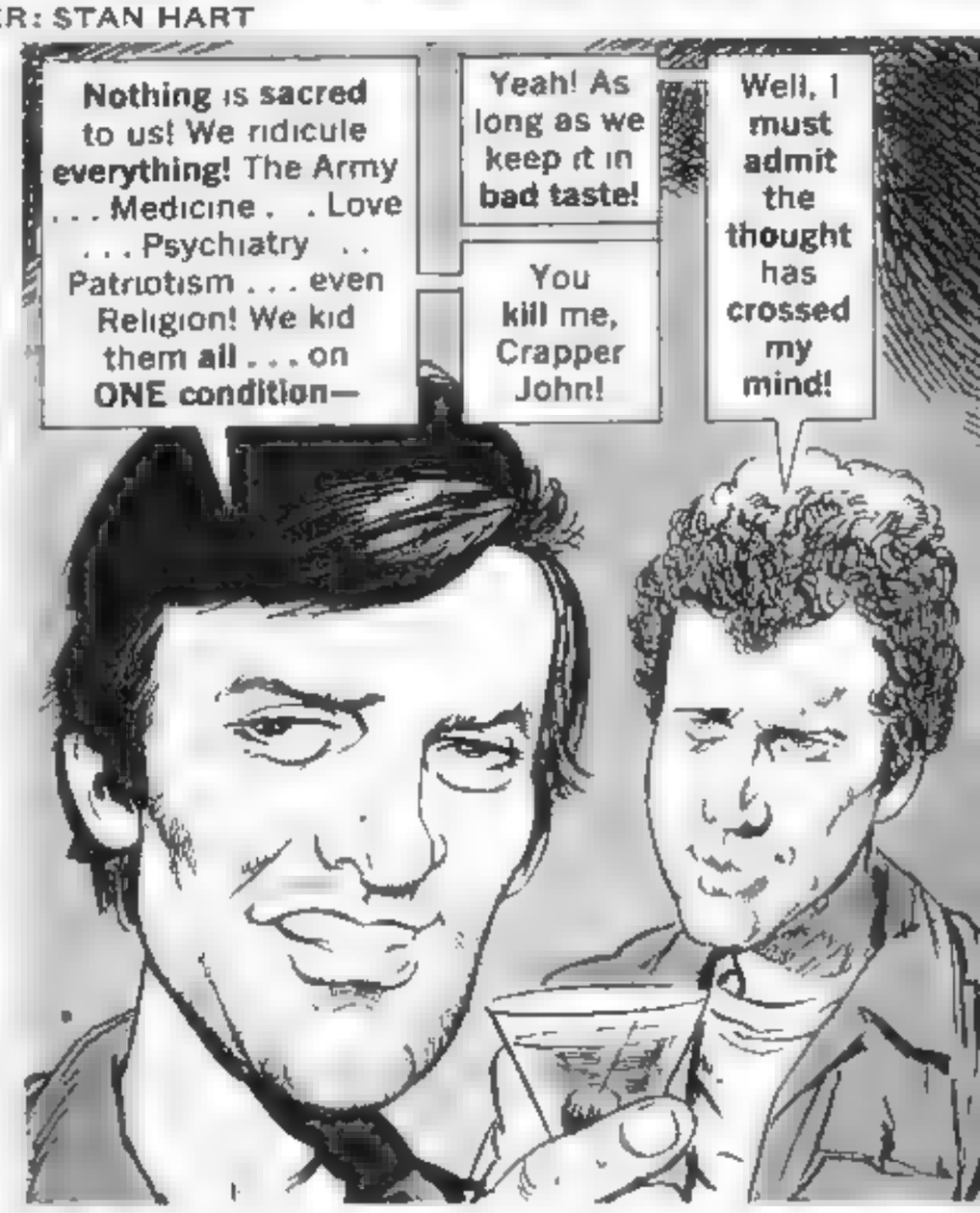
"I Never Asked France A Single Question!"
—Tuesday Weld

"The Family That Plays Together Stays Together!"
—Billy Graham

Remember not too long ago, when we were taught that "War is Hell"? Well, maybe we were taught wrong. Because for the second year in a row, there's a show on the tube that seems to prove —not that "War is Hell!"—but that "War is A Hell-Of-A-Lot-Of-Fun!" Which, when you think about it, is a sickeningly idiotic idea, in any language. In French, it's "Fou," in Spanish, it's "Loco," in Italian, it's "Pazzo," in German, it's "Ferrucht" and in Yiddish, it's . . .

M*A*S*H*UGA

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART



Just a minute, Men! Come back! This is WAR . . . not just fun and games!

Right, Colonel Bleak! Let's shake on that!

Sure, it's War! And people are getting blown up and shot and dying! But, golly gee, that's no reason to lose your sense of humor!

I guess I'm just old fashioned!

OLD FASHIONED?!? I'll have a DOUBLE!!

BZZ

Hey, did I hear a bomb?

Yeah! Crapper John's terrible joke about an "Old Fashioned"!

You don't understand the subtle message of this series! We want to show the idiocy of War . . .

. . and the idiocy of the Army . . .

. . . and the idiocy of the Medical Profession . . .

. . and mainly, the idiocy of CBS . . . for putting junk like this on TV in the first place!

AMA

I don't see anything funny about all this suffering! This man was hit in the leg! Think that's funny?

No . . .

This man was hit in the chest! Think that's funny?

No . . .

And this man's had his head blown off—

Now, THAT'S FUNNY!!

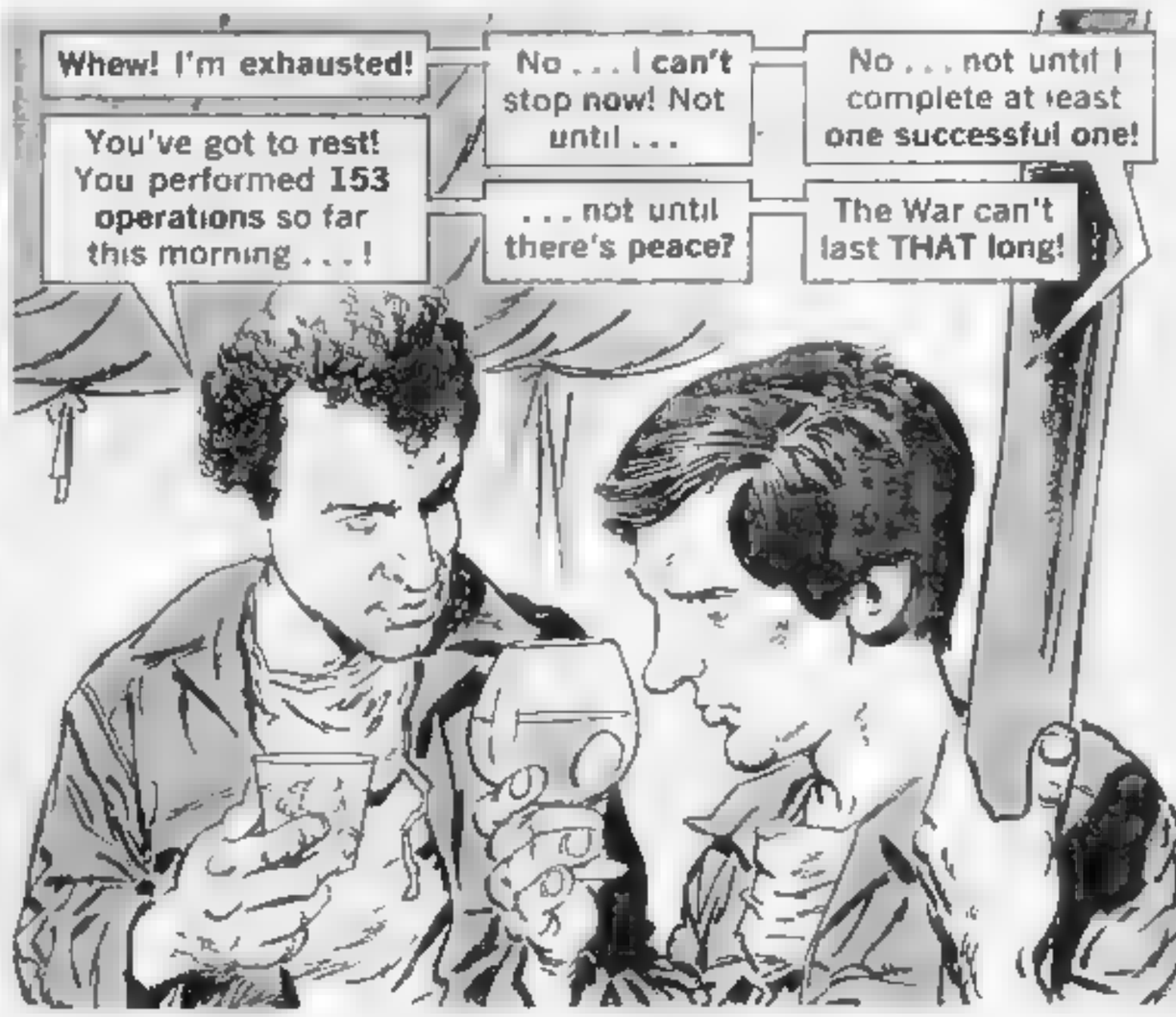
Oh? And what's so funny about that?

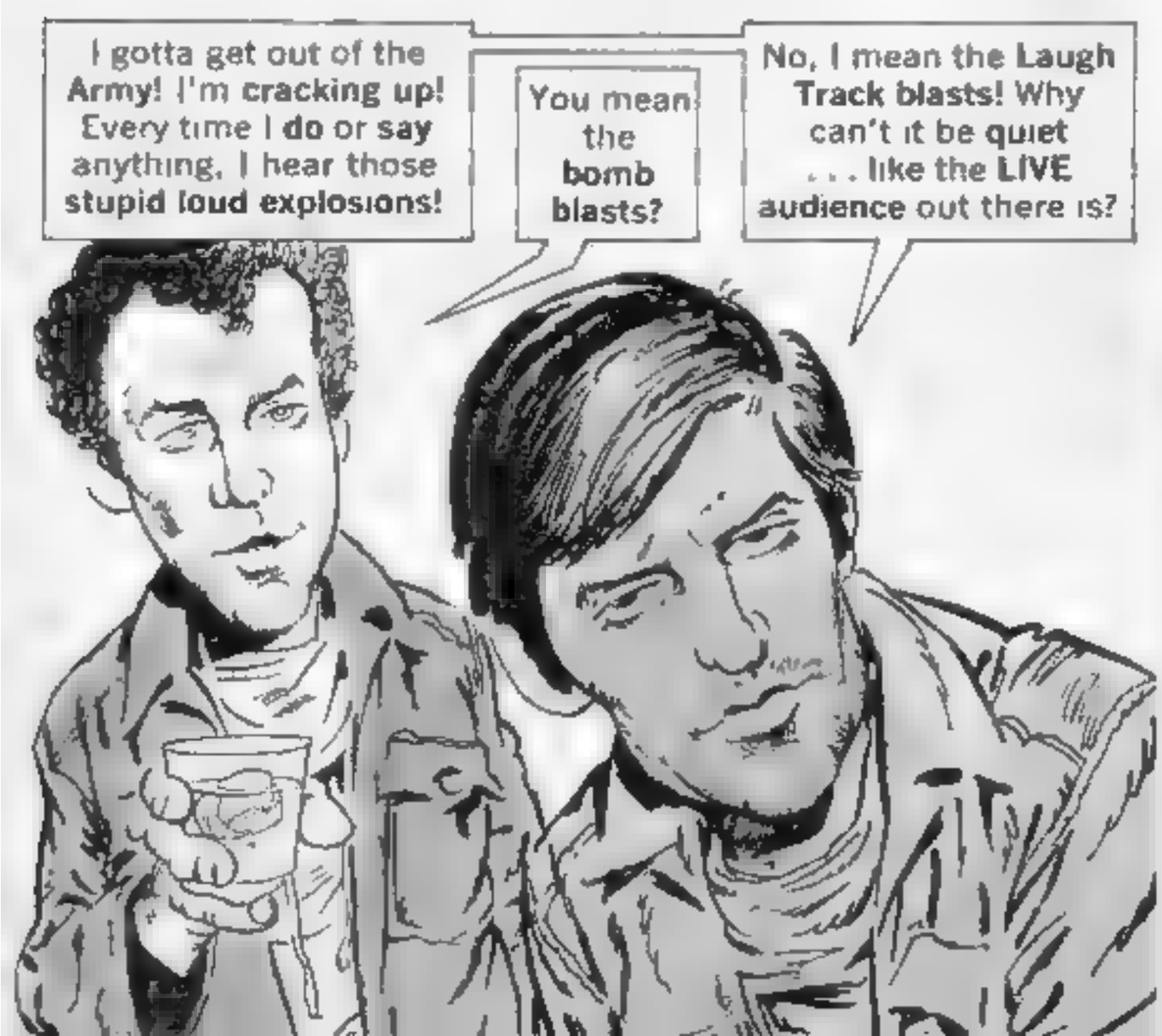
Just wait till he tries to comb his hair!

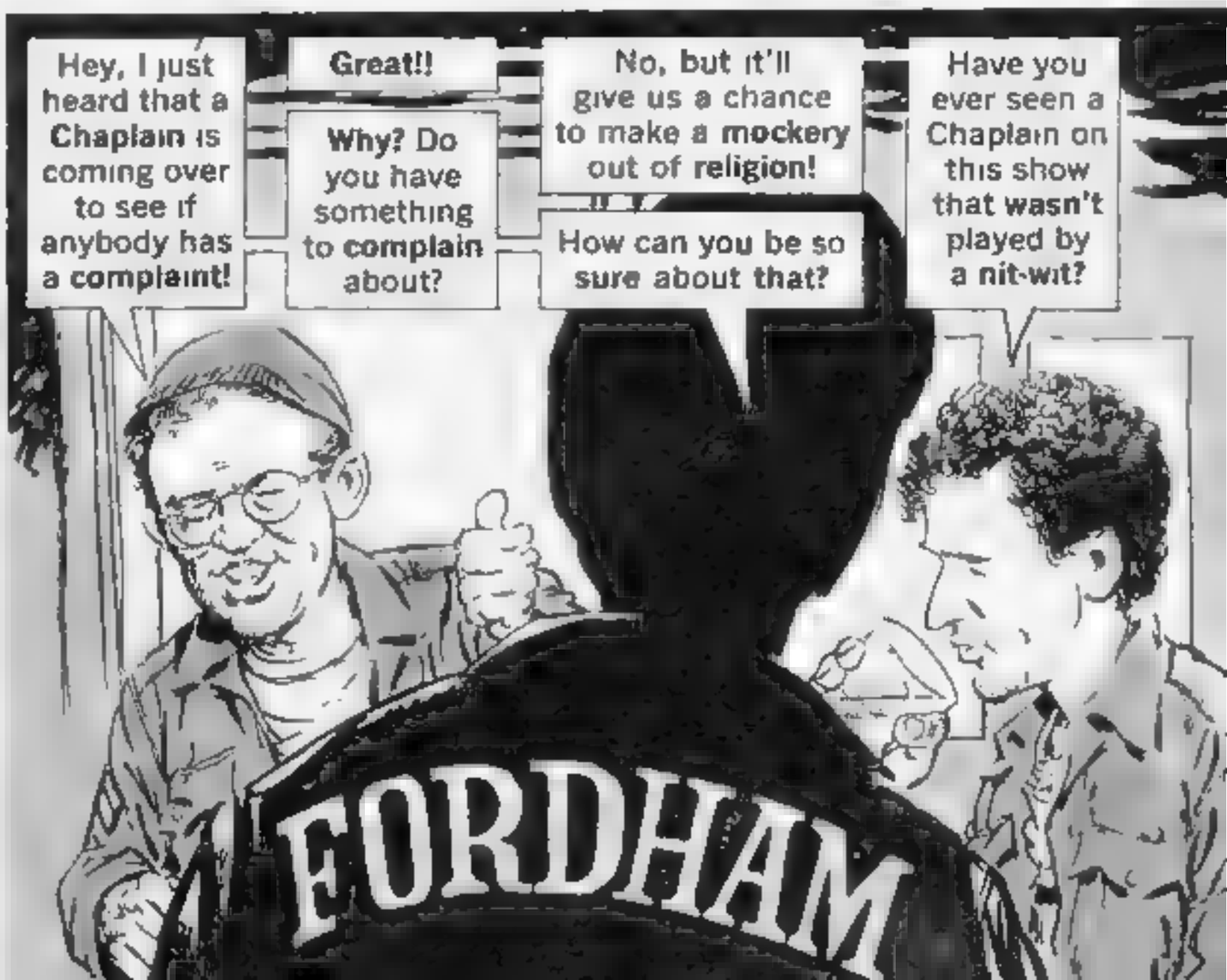
KICK MCU!

Wanna buy a raffle? You may be the lucky one!
What happens to the winner?
He DOESN'T get operated on by those clowns!
I'll take ten! It's a small price to pay to be able to die a natural death!
I don't think our patients have confidence in us!
I don't know why! Oh, well! Let's scrub up for the operations! Here, you spit on this towel and I'll wash your fingers!
All right! Who's first?
Not me! I'm too young to die!
Not me! I'm too OLD to die!
Send me back to the front!
Are you nuts?
No! It's a more humane way to go!

Cockeye and Crapper John! I take back what I said before!
You're both doing a rather remarkable job!
I didn't think those men would be up and around for WEEKS!!
12 MIGS
M·A·S·H·U·G·A
PORKCHOP HILL
BAT.C 773AAA


Whew! I'm exhausted!
You've got to rest! You performed 153 operations so far this morning . . . !
No . . . I can't stop now! Not until . . .
. . . not until there's peace?
No . . . not until I complete at least one successful one!
The War can't last THAT long!


I gotta get out of the Army! I'm cracking up! Every time I do or say anything, I hear those stupid loud explosions!
You mean the bomb blasts?
No, I mean the Laugh Track blasts! Why can't it be quiet . . . like the LIVE audience out there is?


Hey, I just heard that a Chaplain is coming over to see if anybody has a complaint!
Great!!
Why? Do you have something to complain about?
No, but it'll give us a chance to make a mockery out of religion!
How can you be so sure about that?
Have you ever seen a Chaplain on this show that wasn't played by a nit-wit?
FORDHAM

Confess, Radio! How come you always know what's going on before anyone else in the show does?

I know the writers! They tell me what's going to happen!

And you still want to be on the show! I guess you're not as smart as I thought!

Well, it's either THIS . or "Love American Style"! There's not much demand for my type of actor!

Oh? And what kind of actor is that?

Anonymous!

I got a great idea! It's our chance to get out of the Army! We'll just tell the Chaplain, "Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz—"

What's that to tell a Chaplain? "Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz"?!?

Gee, I think I just heard another bomb!

Hey! Remember "Love, American Style," wise guy!

Sorry!

I see that you're wearing the emblems of both the Jewish AND the Christian faiths, Chaplain!

It's the Producer's idea! He's concerned with the sensitivities of the TV audience!

Oh . . ? He didn't want to leave anyone out?

Right! He wants to offend EVERYONE . . . regardless of race or creed! This is a Democracy, isn't it?

Come in, men! Are you here to make a complaint?

No, Sir! We'd like to ask you a favor! Will you marry us?

Sorry, boys! I'm already married! But it's sweet of you to ask me!

But we're very much in love!

Don't think I'm about to fall for THAT old gag! You just want a Psychological Discharge! Well, you can forget it!

Then could I have a Medical Discharge?

Why?

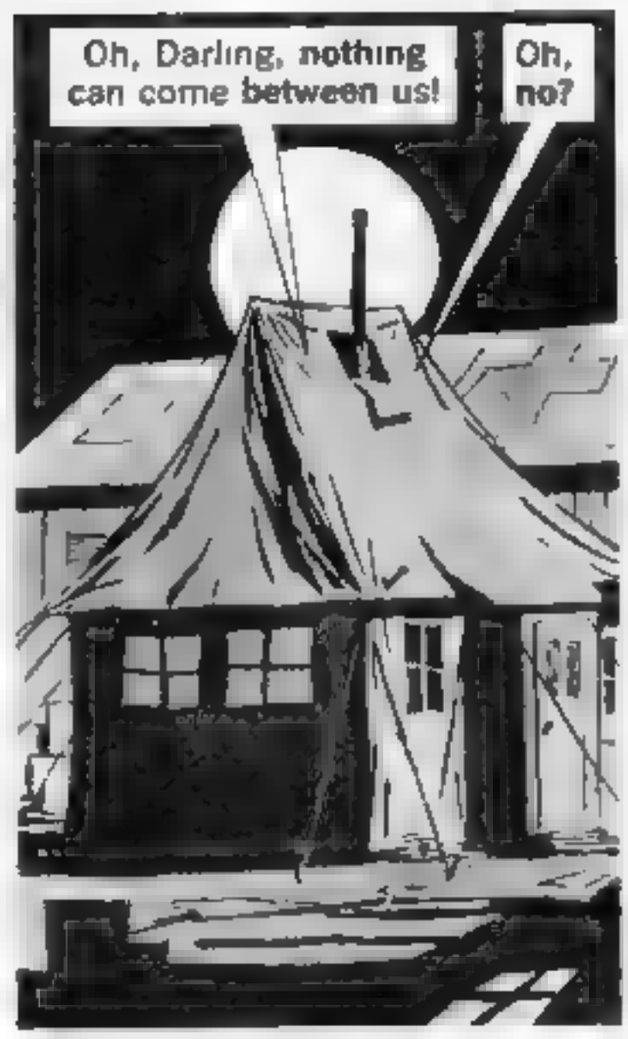
Because I'm pregnant!

That was stupid! A man can't become pregnant!

Oh, yeah? Tell that to the dead rabbit!

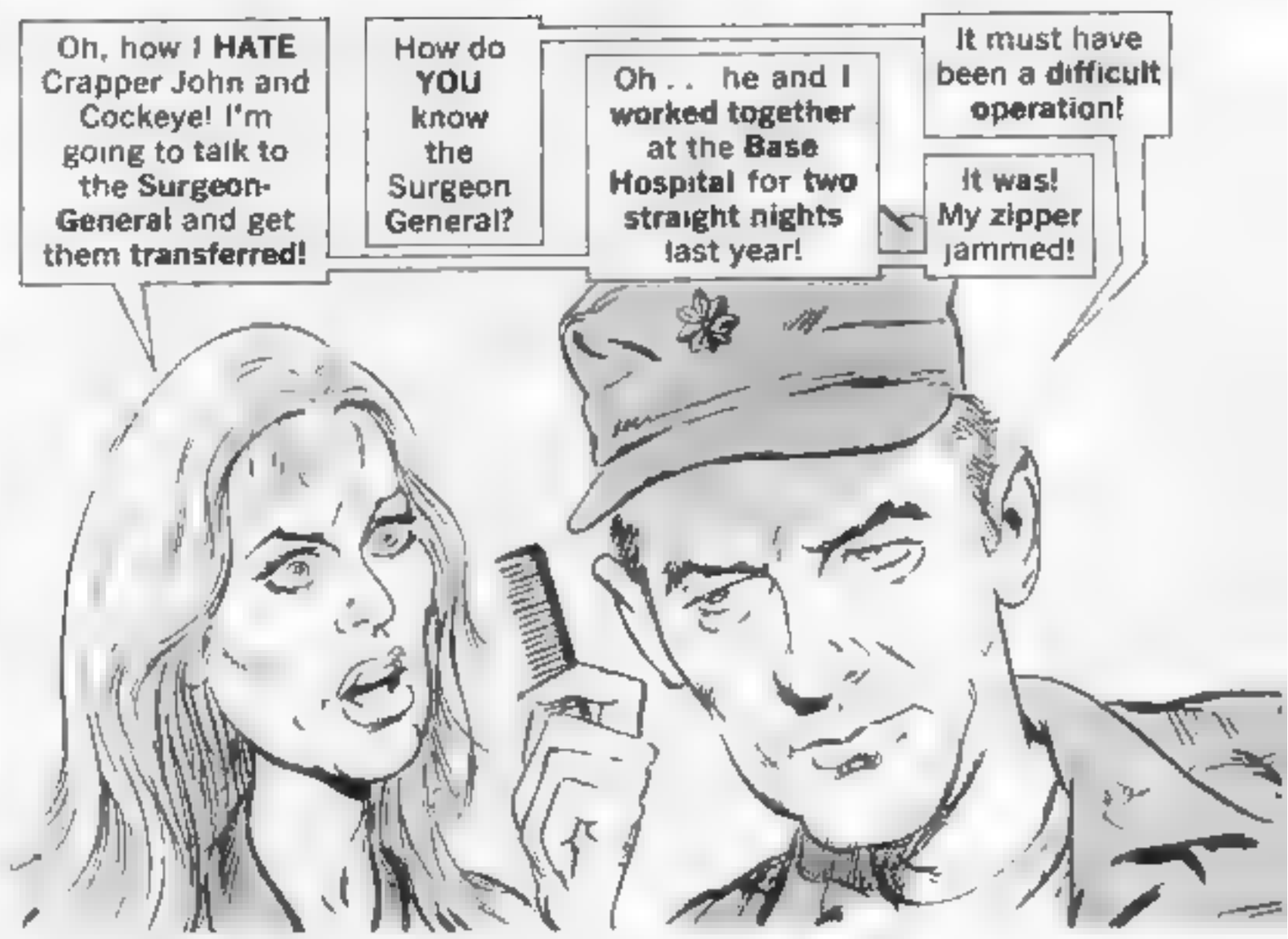
Fat Lips, I adore you!
Give me one good reason why!
And I adore you! But we've got to stop meeting this way . . . !

How's this . . .
CLICK


Oh, Darling, nothing can come between us!
Oh, no?

How's this?
Will you get out of here?!?
CLICK

Darling, sometimes, I must admit, I have my doubts about you! You told me you didn't know any men before me!
I didn't
That's good!
I only made love with strangers!
That's bad!


Oh, how I HATE Crapper John and Cockeye! I'm going to talk to the Surgeon-General and get them transferred!
How do YOU know the Surgeon General?
Oh . . he and I worked together at the Base Hospital for two straight nights last year!
It must have been a difficult operation!
It was! My zipper jammed!

I'm having a lot of trouble, Crapper! Could you help me?
Would you please administer the anesthetic . . . ?
Sure, Cockeye . . .
Gotcha!

Hold her, Crapper! She's a feisty one!

I'm beginning to hate this war, Cockeye! I can't stand listening to the anguished screams of the wounded, the pathetic moans of the dying!

Is there anything I can do, Crapper?

Yeah . . . help me move them outside into the rain so I won't be able to hear them!

Hey, you guys! Fat Lips and Major Burned are planning to have you transferred!

Great!

Why'd you say that?

I was afraid we were going through a whole half hour without any plot this week!

Gee, we never worried about THAT before!

Radio! I want to see . . .

Crapper John and Cockeye!

That's right! And tell them it's . . .

. . . very important, and drop everything, and come right over here on the double!

That's right! And also . . .

. . . not to talk to anyone before they speak to you!!

COL. BLEAK

Radio, you're really amazing!

Why? Because I can anticipate everything you're thinking . . . or about to say . . . or do??

Well, not everything!

Oh? For instance . . .

THIS!! I get few enough lines in this show without you taking most of them away from me!

I'll be back next week! It's only a flesh wound!

Mainly . . . in the fleshy part of the brain!

BLAM!

The Surgeon-General is coming! You know what that means!

Yeah! He comes in a dignified, professional soldier . . . and we make him look like a prize schmuck!

Colonel Bleak! I am deeply disturbed by your Outfit's shocking performance!

But it's the best in the Army!

At saving lives?

No, at getting laughs! We get howls with burns and wounds!

I see nothing funny about burns and wounds!

Er . . . how about amputations?

Now THAT'S FUNNY!

Ah Fat Lips Hooligan! I think of you often when I look at that wonderful picture of you and me! You were so appealing in your starched white uniform!

Oh, I remember that picture! You were so dashing in your black socks, fake nose and moustache!

I didn't mean our MOVING picture!

Major Burned I understand that you're a very religious person!

Yes, Sir! The Bible has been my guide through life!

And you two know each other?

Only in a Biblical sense!

General! Crapper John and I want OUT! We can't take it any more! We're going crazy!

Impossible! The Army needs you!

Who's talking about the Army?!? We want out of this Series!! You'll never know how bad it is! You're only doing a Guest Spot! We're regulars! 26 weeks of War, with 13 repeats during the Summer! It's torture! We're going bananas! We want OUT!!

You CAN'T get out . . no matter how terrible things are . . no matter how unfunny you are . no matter how offensive you become!

Why is that?

Because this Outfit is surrounded!

Surrounded? By the North Korean Army??

No . . by Archie Bunker in FRONT of you . . and Mary Tyler Moore in BACK of you!

You're getting great ratings whether you deserve them or not! So you can't get out!

We only dropped "Bridget Loves Bernie" because religious groups objected! It was a stroke of bad luck, and it won't happen again!

Sorry, boys! You're in for the duration!

Help! Help! We're being held prisoner in an idiotic weekly TV series!

DIETRIPE DEPT.

GET RID OF EVERY DROP OF FOOD IN YOUR HOUSE AND TRY

MAD'S CHEAP REVOLUTIONARY WAY TO

EAT OUT AND LOSE WEIGHT!

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE WRITER: LARRY GORE

Go to little out of the way places where the Maitre d' has bad breath.

Eat at a restaurant where you can see the overweight sweaty Chef preparing the food!

Dine with someone who insists on talking with his mouth full!

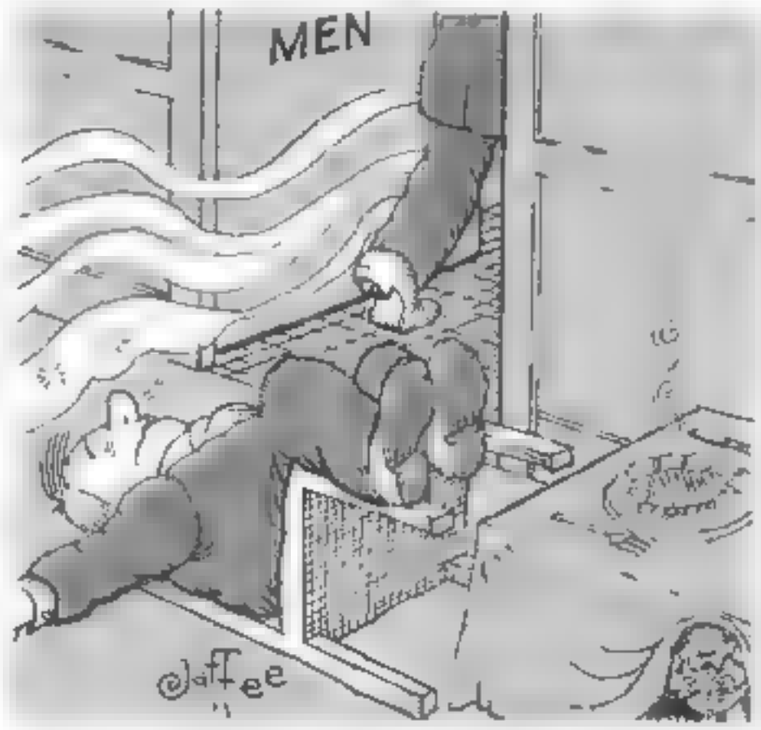
When you eat in a Chinese Restaurant, always enter it through the kitchen.

Grab the table opposite the new Mother spoon-feeding her baby!

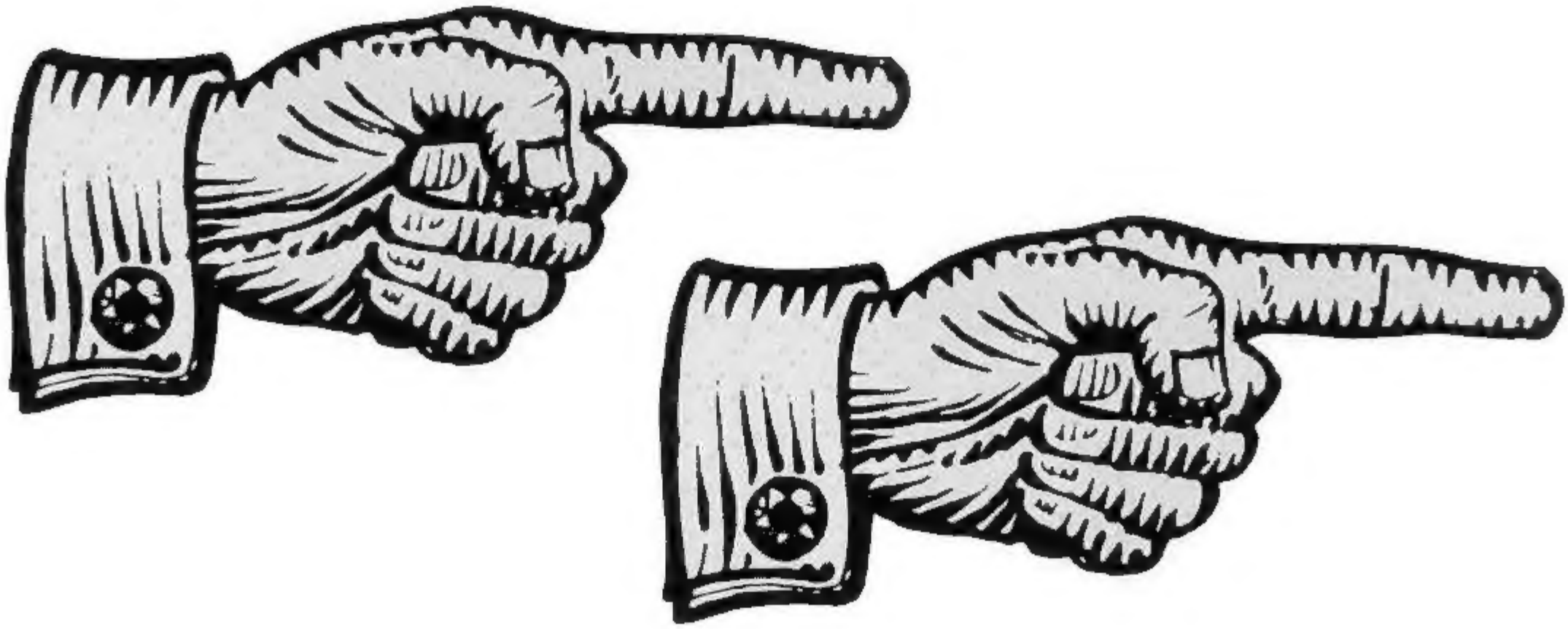
Pick the counter seat where the Waitress just mopped with her greasy—ecch!—rag!

Try to select a table that's opposite a bearded old man eating lentil soup.

Eat at Hospital Cafeterias next to Doctors discussing their operations.

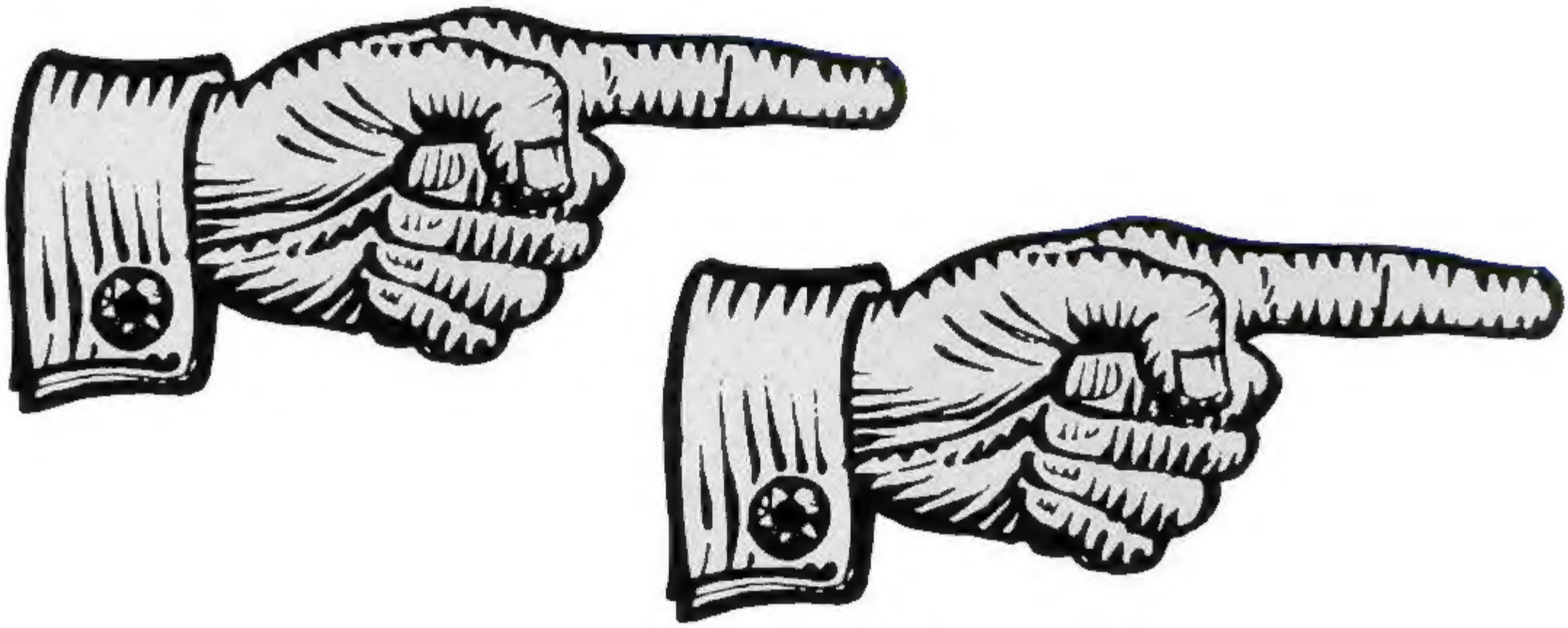


Pick a table right next to the Men's Room, where you can catch the aroma!



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.

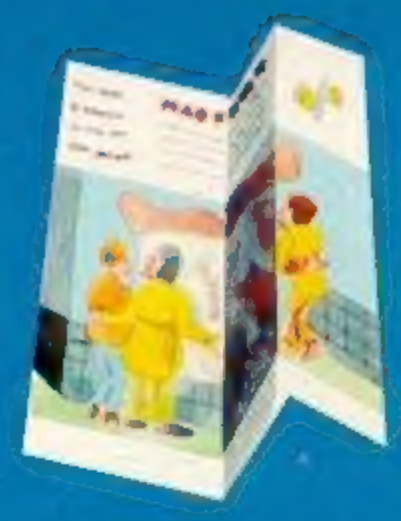


WHAT EMERGING FORCE THINKS IT IS CLEVERLY SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF OVERPOPULATION?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Although the "Over-Population Problem" has been growing more acute through the years, a previously unheard-from force has only recently emerged from obscurity, claiming (among other things) a unique solution to this serious crisis. To discover their previously unheralded answer to the Population Explosion, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

GAZING ADORINGLY AT BRAND NEW OFFSPRING IS PRETTY EXCITING FOR RICH PARENTS. BUT FOR MANY MORE POOR ONES, FEWER BABIES MIGHT BE THE HAPPIER ANSWER

A▸ ◂B

WHAT EMERGING FORCE THINKS IT IS CLEVERLY SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF OVERPOPULATION?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

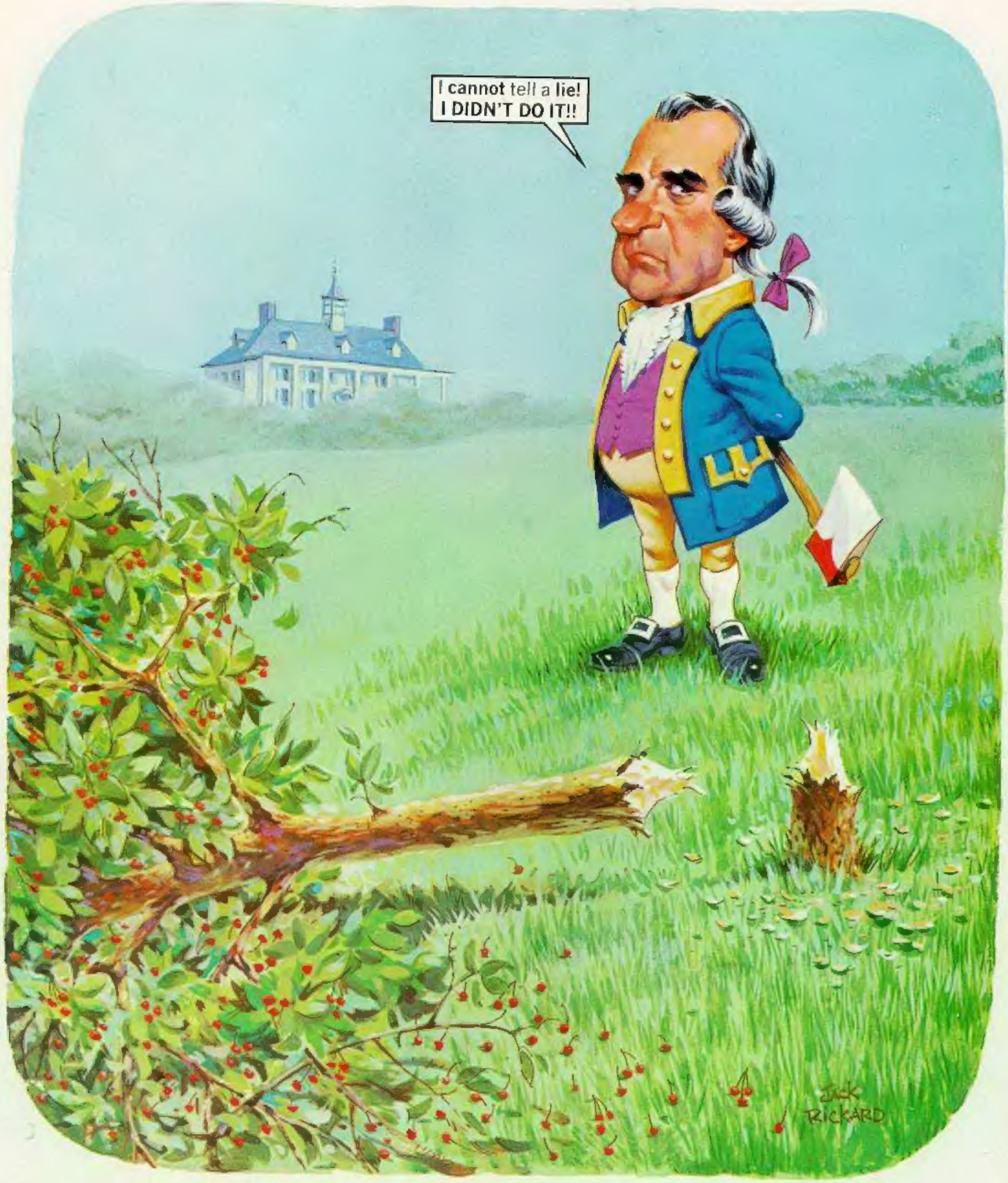
GAY

POWER

A▸◂B

OUR FLOUNDERING FATHERS

"SCENES FROM CHILDHOOD" SERIES—No. 37



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

ANOTHER MAD MOMENT FROM HISTORY

WRITER: AL JAFFEE